

**MY SIX WEEKS
WITH
THE COMRADES**

**KARSH
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MACLEAN'S

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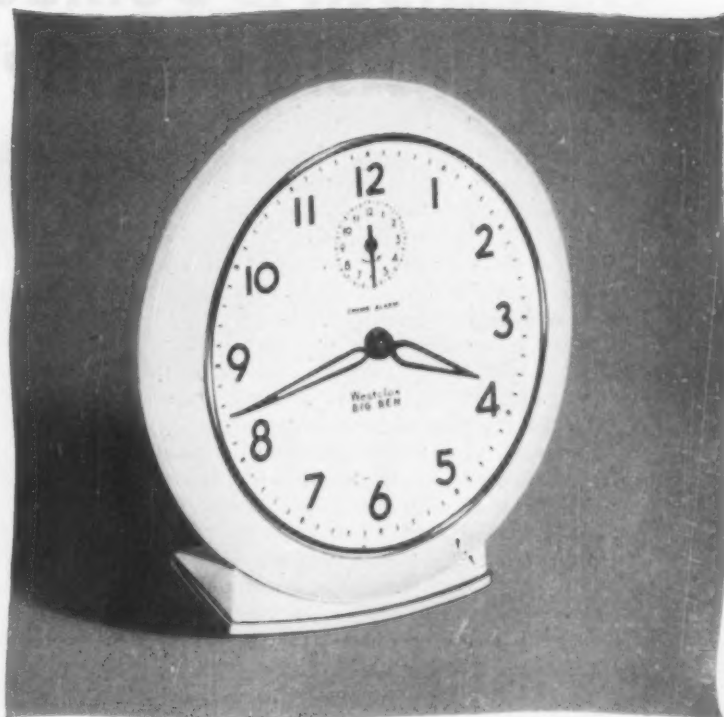
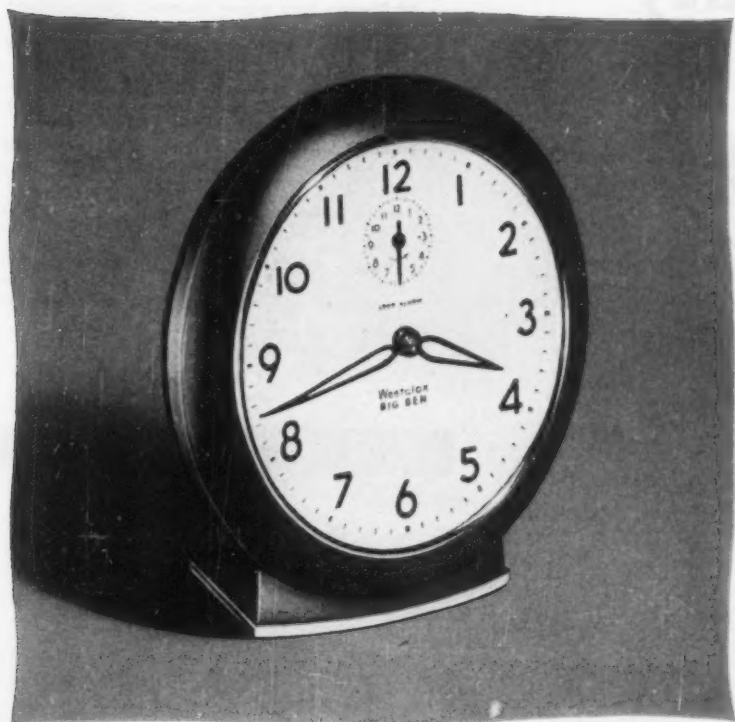


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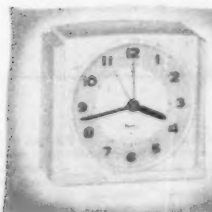
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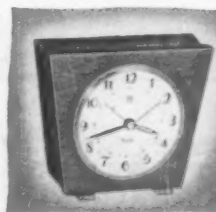
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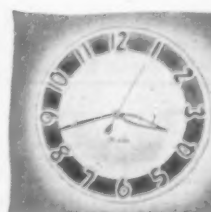
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EDITORIAL

How much is Democracy in Asia worth?

NOW THAT Prime Minister St. Laurent is off to visit India and Pakistan and Ceylon it seems a good time for another look at Canada's program of aid to these new Commonwealth partners.

So far our contribution has totaled \$76.6 millions in the three years since the Colombo Plan started. It will be at least twice that amount by the time the plan is completed in 1957, for Canada is putting in a little more than twenty-five millions each year.

Twenty-five millions a year would build a lot of hospitals right here in Canada. It would bring some welcome capital development to our own "under-developed areas." Why are we building a cement plant in the Punjab instead of a fish-freezing plant in Seldom-Come-By?

To their eternal credit the Canadian people have already answered that question when they endorsed—through their spokesmen in all four political parties—the decision to enter the Colombo Plan in the first place. Many of us are hard up and some of us are in real distress, but not one of us in this rich country is starving. Famine here is a word in the Old Testament, or at most a word in the newspapers under an exotic foreign date line. But they would have had a famine in Pakistan last year and several million people might have died without the emergency help that came from Canada and the United States.

We like to think that was the main factor in Canada's decision—the harsh and simple fact of human need. But there were other reasons, less altruistic but no less honorable, for the act of statesmanship we supported in 1950 and 1951. Four hundred million people in Southeast Asia, free again after several centuries, are trying out a new political system which we have recommended to them. The big powers in their immediate neighborhood—China and Soviet Russia—have a different system which some Asians rather hanker to try. It's worth a lot to us, we decided in 1951, to have Asia's experiment with democracy turn out well.

Already we've proved that decision wise and sound. The Colombo Plan is actually working—its results are beginning to show. One of its aims, for instance, was to bring six million acres more land under cultivation through new irrigation works. Already, in India alone, three and a half million new acres are being farmed, and this example could be reproduced in part at least in all the participating countries of Southeast Asia. The Asian democracies are stronger and healthier because they are getting real help from the Western democracies. Communism can't make either half of that boast—China is in a mess, and Russia's giving her no effective help.

But the difficulties of the immediate future have grown, too. The Asian countries have been hit by the sudden drop in prices of their major exports, at a time when the prices of their imports—especially the capital goods they need to complete the Colombo Plan—are stationary or even up a bit. They need more help.

They won't fail even if they don't get it. These new democracies have demonstrated courage, resource and good cheer in the face of worse troubles than they have now, and they can probably get through with no more than the help they're getting.

But if we judged our share of the task aright in 1951, that share's a little larger now. Canada endorsed and applauded the original decision—surely the same people would vote now to finish the job on the scale we planned in the first place, even if it takes a bit more of our money.

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CONTENTS

Cover painting by Oscar

Picture Essay

KARSH'S HAMILTON 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19

Articles

MY SIX WEEKS WITH THE COMRADES. John Lofft	7
HOW LETHBRIDGE LICKED THE DROUGHT. Robert Collins	10
GRAMMAR IS A WASTE OF TIME. Dr. Rudolf Flesch	11
THE FIRE THAT WIPE OUT PORCUPINE. A Maclean's Flashback. John Gray	20
HOW TO WIN AN ARGUMENT. Robert Thomas Allen	24

Fiction

THE 3-D COURTSHIP OF BENNY CRAMBO. John Bonett	22
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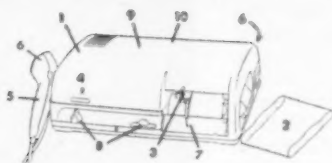
Departments

EDITORIAL	2
LONDON LETTER. Beverley Baxter	4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser	5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour	26
JASPER. Cartoon by Simpkins	44
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	58
MAILBAG	59
PARADE	60

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—John Lofft (7, 8, 9), National Film Board (10), Alberta Government (10), Yousuf Karsh (12-19), Tomkinson Bros. (20), H. Peters (21).

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HEY, MOM!
Where's the Listerine?
We've got Sore Throats!



London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*

Those Happy Days at Harbord

SOME HONORS COME later in life than others and, therefore, I was gently touched the other day when two letters arrived from Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto. One was from a young lady as head of the alumni association and the other was from the principal, supporting her request. All that she asked for were some memories of the three years that I spent in that emporium of learning. Apparently the alumni has a quarterly or annual publication which keeps in touch with those who have enjoyed a Harbord education.

I at once decided to accede to the request but fifty years make a long road for memory to travel. I was twelve years old when I passed my entrance examination and fifteen when I left Harbord as a finished product. Yet those years remain surprisingly vivid. It is far easier to remember them than the same length of time in the 1920s or 1930s.

The principal of Harbord was Mr. Spotton, a little man of much earnestness and considerable dignity. My brother had gone there before me and so had one of my younger aunts and a female cousin. "We look to you for big things," said principal Spotton. "The others were very good students."

Because of the modest marks I had scored in the entrance examination I was put in the lowest form of my year. There was an equal number of boys and girls and almost at once I was greatly struck with the curls of Shirley Newcombe. I ask her pardon for thus publicizing her but, on the other hand, her name has undoubtedly been merged since then in the nomenclature of marriage.

There were some striking personalities among the teachers. We feared and liked Tommy Strath, our arithmetic teacher. He often smoked a pencil and was beautifully sardonic on occasion. That pencil fascinated me. He would place it in his mouth, inhale its rich fragrance and even tap the imaginary ashes with his little finger. Unhappily the science of arithmetic interested me much less. Like algebra and Euclid it was a closed book that never opened for me more than its first few pages.

There was another teacher named Carstairs who, being somewhat flamboyant in his dress, achieved an effect of untidy elegance which added much to the drab setting of the schoolroom. I think he taught us Latin but I would not take my oath on that.

Latin fascinated me from the very first day that we were presented with *mensa, mensae* and all the rest of the conjugations which could concern so mundane a thing as a table. Latin is so satisfying, so reliable, so fundamental. It was the only subject in which I excelled and, although memory can be an awful liar, I think I was the head of the class in it.

Education is a tremendous subject and we owe eternal gratitude to the teachers who strive so hard to impart its secret to the young. Yet looking back nearly half a century I wonder if they did not cram too much into our heads and if the cramming was as skilfully done as might have been the case.

Quite rightly we were taught English history and duly learned that there had been three Richards, four Georges and seven Edwards on the English throne. What earthly use was there in learning when a king reigned unless we were told what happened to the country during the period?

It is possible that we were taught about the industrial revolution that altered the whole character of England and changed the face of the world, but I doubt it. Probably we were better informed on the glory of the sixteenth century because of the Armada but I still think that a nation's story

Continued on page 44



Baxter as a schoolboy. "I wonder if the teachers didn't try to cram too much into our heads."

Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

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BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Are We Nearer Our Own Flag?

NO DOUBT Conservatives will find plenty to embarrass them in the new year, but at least they have been delivered from one tight spot by the equally embarrassed Liberals. They won't have to go through a debate on Bona Arsenault's bill for a distinctive Canadian flag.

Liberals have persuaded their colleague Arsenault to defer second reading of his bill (that's when debate takes place) until after he has had private chats with party whips, including Liberal whips of all the provincial groups. Arsenault says he hopes to get unanimous agreement from them, and through them from their party caucuses, on his cherished plan for a Canadian flag.

It's taken for granted that Arsenault will fail to get agreement from any party, let alone from all. (That's why the major parties find this topic so distressing—they can't reconcile Quebec opinion with majority opinion elsewhere, on the issue of whether to include the Union Jack.) But even if Arsenault then insists on moving second reading of his bill, Conservatives need have no worry. The Liberals are determined to choke off debate right at the start.

Someone will move the "six months' hoist," death sentence of private members' bills. Presumably the axe will be swung by Jack Pickersgill, Secretary of State, who under the terms of Arsenault's bill would be required to choose a new flag design.

CONSERVATIVES find the question just as thorny as Liberals do, but it may well have been their fault that Bona Arsenault brought in his bill at all. They couldn't resist

making fun of him for having, as they put it, voted against his own resolution on the same subject, when it was debated early in December.

Arsenault's resolution had called for another "flag committee" like the one which wrestled with the problem in 1946, and which split fifteen to eight between a Jack and a non-Jack design. Conservatives faced the issue with apprehension. If they plumped for a Union Jack in the position of honor, they knew they'd lose votes in Quebec; if they didn't plump for the Jack, many a True Blue Tory heart would break. They caucused anxiously, decided that George Drew himself should make the party's only speech on the subject and that he should try to fix the whole responsibility for a national flag upon the Liberal Government. This he did very skilfully. The party then sat back to pray that Liberals, CCFers and Social Crediters would "talk out" Arsenault's resolution and not let it come to a vote.

Their hopes were more than fulfilled. Liberals turned out to be even more embarrassed, for the same reasons. Their Quebecers and a lone Torontonion backed Arsenault to the hilt, but British Columbia Liberals hummed and hawed for forty minutes apiece, speaking with agonized eyes on the clock and saying nothing in particular. Finally, with half an hour still to go before six o'clock and the end of this painful debate, Jack MacDougall, of Vancouver, gave up the struggle. He moved the adjournment of the debate, which meant in practice the shelving or pigeon-holing of the whole question.

Liberals, including the hapless Bona Arsenault, Continued on page 42



QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE...



How should a Hostess Seat her Guests?

As a general rule, the host and hostess sit at opposite ends of the table. The woman of honour should be seated at the right of the host; the gentleman of honour at the right of the hostess. Never seat husbands and wives side by side.

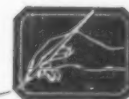
It's important, in so many ways, that we have a knowledge of the correct thing to do. And what a delightful feeling of satisfaction we have when we're "right" about these tricky matters! But there's nothing tricky about making the right choice for your personal stationery... when you select Barber-Ellis CAMEO Stationery, you know it will reflect your good taste!

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Communism's big four, Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, led parade commemorating Russian capture of Bucharest in 1944. Tim Buck's portrait was carried too.

My Six Weeks with The Comrades

Story and pictures by JOHN LOFFT

"YOUR NAME AND COUNTRY, please," the fat little man in the Vienna office of the Communist Youth Organization asked politely.

"John Lofft, Canada," I told him. He shuffled through a huge stack of red, green and brown passports until he came to a blue one.

"Your transit visa for Hungary and your visitor's visa for Rumania are inside," he said. "They are on separate pieces of paper, not stamped in your passport, you understand, for your protection in case your country does not approve of this visit."

"Your train leaves from the Vienna East Station. You should buy a ticket to Brück on the Austro-Hungarian frontier. Beyond that all arrangements have been made and there will be no expense. Food will be provided once you have entered Hungary. A pleasant journey, comrade."

Only three hours before, I had left my passport at the Youth Organization office in this grim greystone building at 12 Prinz Ugendstrasse in the Soviet zone of Vienna. Now I possessed not merely permission to enter Rumania, but an invitation to be the guest of a country which for more than five years had been virtually closed to Westerners. Even diplomats had had difficulty getting in. I remembered the warning given me by a young British attaché I had met on the train to Vienna: "You could wait indefinitely before they let



Canadians fraternize with Germans in "hour of friendship." In Lofft's group it was a flop.

This young Canadian went to a "peace" rally behind the Iron Curtain with a Communist-front group. Now he tells the strange story of exactly what he did and what he saw

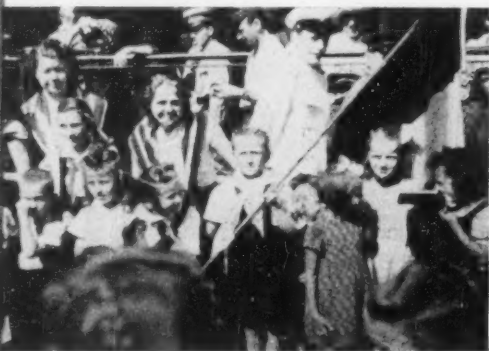
A BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►

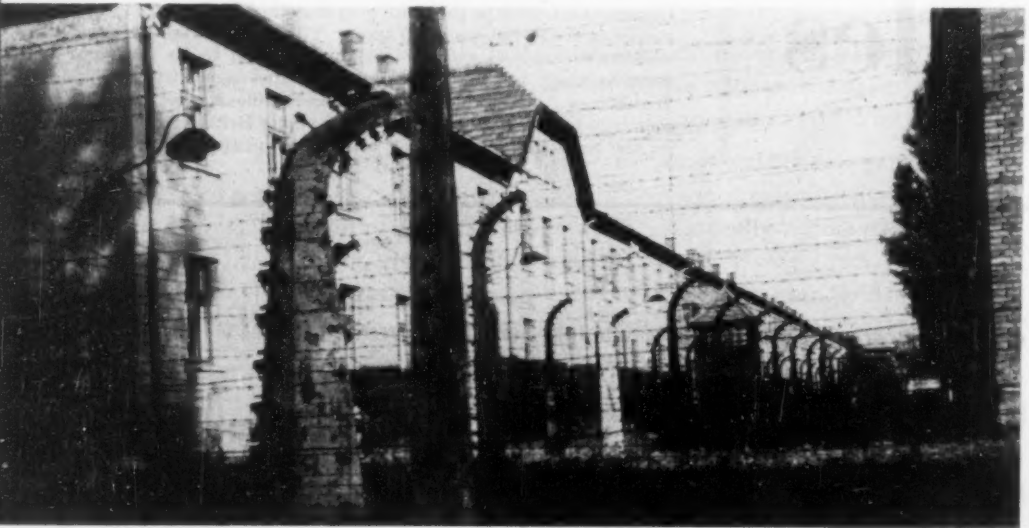
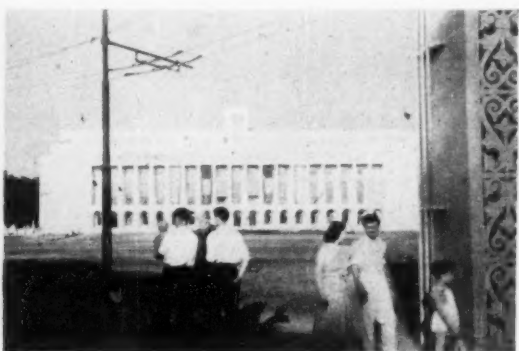
LOFFT'S CAMERA GLIMPSES PEACEFUL BUCHAREST BEFORE FESTIVAL OF PEACE



Since few citizens own cars, Bucharest is a pedestrian's paradise. Lofft took this picture at high noon on a main thoroughfare. A few days later streets were filled with marching delegates from many countries.



Left: At every stop workers who had been ordered out by radio gave a "spontaneous" welcome to peace delegates' train. At right is Ministry of the Interior Building, heavily guarded by police. Citizens avoid it.



Among places Lofft visited on tour was a Nazi concentration camp at Auschwitz, Poland, where four million persons died in gas chambers. Buildings and grounds are carefully preserved by Poles for the tourists.



JOHN LOFFT

John Lofft who was born in Toronto in 1931 is in his third year of medicine at the University of Toronto.

you in. Why, it took me, diplomatic status and all, eleven months to get clearance to Bucharest after I received a transfer to the British Embassy there."

I could only conclude that a rather furtive little Toronto organization called the Canadian Youth Festival Committee had more influence at the frontiers of the Iron Curtain than the British diplomatic service. At any rate, last summer that committee opened the door for me into the most remarkable and revealing six weeks of my life—a month and a half in the Communist satellite cities of Bucharest, Warsaw and Cracow, and traveling through Hungary, Rumania, Poland and Czechoslovakia. The key to that door was my registration as a participant at the World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace and Friendship, held in Bucharest from August 2 to August 16.

When I entered the Vienna East Station it looked as if a carnival was in progress. Hundreds of young men and women, many in gaudy national costumes, were milling about, singing and dancing. Loudspeakers blared songs in Italian, French, Spanish and languages I did not recognize. I had been told in the Youth Organization office that there would be delegates from Italy, France, Africa and South America on the train, but I was not prepared for this animated mob scene. I pushed my way to a window and paid sixteen schillings—sixty-four cents—for a ticket to Hegyesalom. Then I let myself be carried by the tide toward the platform. The sides of all the carriages were chalked with "peace and friendship" slogans in half a dozen languages.

I watched a group of Italian boys and girls greeting an embarrassed Russian soldier who was obviously not accustomed to being vigorously embraced by the citizenry. He also did not quite know how to cope with having his hat and his coat buttons removed as souvenirs. He was obviously relieved at the cry of "all aboard." There were no signs of other Canadian delegates, so I accepted the invitation of a group of Chileans to travel with them.

My journey into the other half of our divided world had properly started in Toronto last spring when I booked passage on a ship sailing for Germany at the end of May. I did not have enough money for the trip, but I made the booking just in case my finances took a turn for the better. Then one day in April a classmate in third year medicine at the University of Toronto—a boy we knew to be a "progressive" (the polite term for Communist among "progressives" themselves)—spoke to me after a lecture.

"I hear you're going to Europe this summer," he said casually. I told him I was doing some wishful thinking in that direction. He said it might be interesting to see something of the Eastern European countries. "You might be able to go to the World Youth Festival in Bucharest," he suggested. "We hear so much about these countries that it would be interesting to find out the truth."

I said it would be interesting, but impossible.

"Perhaps not," he said. "If you like I'll have someone telephone you—someone who knows how it might be done."

Sure enough, a few days later a telephone call informed me that the first meeting of the Canadian Festival Committee would be held the following night at an address on Walker Avenue. When I knocked at the door at the appointed time I was greeted by a bespectacled girl who told me she was Mrs. Shirley Cook. Later I learned that she was the

daughter of Dr. James Endicott, leader of the Communist-front Canadian Peace Council, who had recently won the Stalin Peace Prize.

In the small living room were seven or eight young men and women listening raptly to eerie sounds coming from a scratchy phonograph record. Shirley motioned me to an empty chair. The girl in the next seat whispered that we were hearing a chorus of Chinese school children sing about their homeland.

I looked around the room. Over the mantelpiece hung a cardboard sign with a peace slogan written in Latin. I recognized only one of the company. He was Stan Linkovitch, tall and lean with a boyish face under an overgrown brush-cut, with whom I had gone to school five years before in London, Ont. I had heard that he had come to Toronto and joined some "progressive" organization.

Stan was the chairman for the evening, but Shirley did most of the talking. In an eager voice she explained that the Youth Festival in Bucharest would be attended by delegates from a hundred nations. There would be cultural presentations of songs and dances, including, she hoped, Canada. There would be friendly meetings, friendly discussions, friendly sports competitions.

The only qualification for eligibility to attend, she said, was a desire to build peace and friendship. That seemed to me a modest requirement; but, faced with money problems, I enquired the cost of the junket. Shirley assured me that the only costs would be a thirty-dollar registration fee to be paid to the Canadian committee, and two dollars a day for the fourteen days of the festival in Bucharest. Apart from that, from the time a registered delegate or observer arrived at the border of any of the Soviet bloc countries all expenses would be "arranged for."

After the Bucharest Festival, Shirley added, the Canadian delegates would probably be invited to visit various People's Democracies—all expenses paid. She said she was expecting additional details on those invitations from her brother, Steve Endicott, who was working for the World Federation of Democratic Youth in Budapest. Later she told me that I might be interested in going to Warsaw after the festival to attend the International Union of Students' congress.

"Perhaps," she said, "the Students' Administrative Council of the University of Toronto might accredit you as its official observer. If not, you can still go as an independent observer."

I never did learn the sponsorship, if any, of the Canadian Festival Committee. It seemed to have been formed for the sole purpose of promoting participation in the Bucharest festival by any Canadian group that was actually or potentially "progressive." Most of those who attended meetings were members of the Canadian Peace Council and the Canadian Youth Friendship League, which I realized were Communist-front organizations.

A Very Mature "Youth"

After the first meeting the committee rented a small office on Spadina Avenue, and Shirley was installed as secretary. Meetings were held each week, and Shirley usually opened them with a pep-talk on the matter of registration fees. Unless these were paid she could not carry on. Moreover, she pointed out, in anticipation of a good registration she had reserved fifty passages on a trans-Atlantic ship sailing early in July. Each week Shirley also reported the replies of various organizations across Canada she had contacted.

Some strange issues arose at the meetings. The Bucharest affair was called a youth festival, and we had to decide how old was a youth. Shirley announced that a thirty-eight-year-old worker had applied for registration. I felt that the meeting was about to vote him down, when Shirley applied a powerful argument:

"He has been ousted from his union for being too active."

This changed the attitude of the meeting. For his martyrdom the mature youngster was given the honorary status of

Continued on page 54

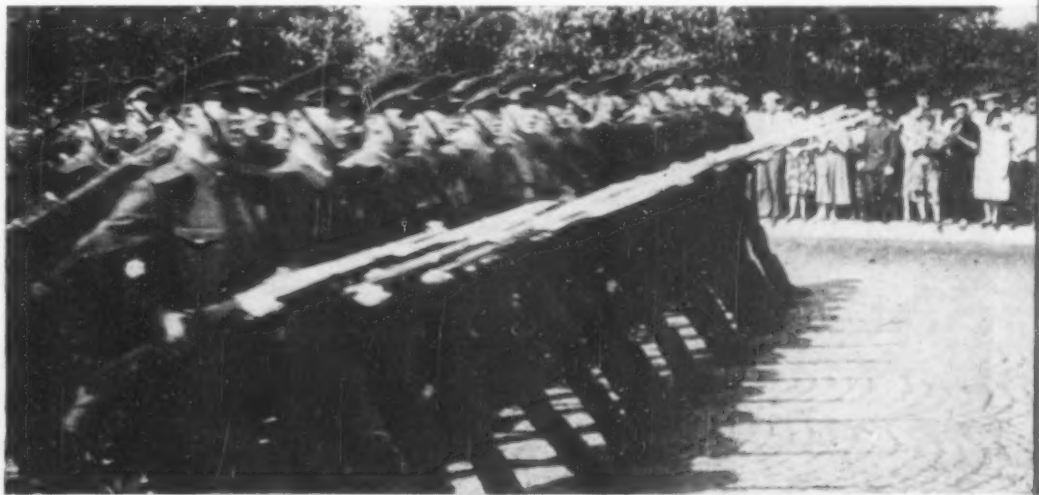
AFTER THE FESTIVAL, TANKS, BAYONETS AND MILK LINES FILLED THE STREETS



Russian-built tanks rumbled on streets where students from a hundred countries walked in "peace and friendship." Propaganda broadcasts said they showed the "solidarity of Soviet-Rumanian friendship."



Food queues were banned during the Bucharest peace festival so that there'd be plenty for everybody when the throngs of visitors surged in. But one week later, Lofft made this picture of women lined up for milk.



Rumanian troops with fixed bayonets goose-stepped along route of previous week's peace parade. Canadian Lofft was delayed in his departure for Warsaw and so was still in Bucharest for this display of "friendship."

How Lethbridge Licked The Drought



Where once the soil was parched and barren there is now the ditch for the life-giving streams.



Stack of silver-grey sugar beets dwarfs a Lethbridge worker. This is the area's most important crop.

Fear that the thirsty Thirties will return haunts every prairie farmer except those who work near Lethbridge. Here's how The Ditch turned southern Alberta into the richest land in the west

OLD-TIMERS in Lethbridge, Alberta's third city, still scoff at a report made ninety-three years ago by the late Capt. John Palliser. Palliser was an English explorer and geologist who traveled across western Canada, penciled a lopsided fifty-million-acre triangle on his map of the prairies and informed Her Majesty's colonial office: "This area is more or less arid desert. It can never be expected to be occupied by settlers."

His prophecy was partially fulfilled. Settlers did go into Palliser's triangle but two hundred and fifty thousand of them were sent trudging out by the drought of the 1930s. Today, despite a recent string of good crops, the dust-bowl farmers of southern Saskatchewan and eastern Alberta rarely count on security. They feel that sooner or later dry years may return.

But in the lower left corner of the triangle, about a hundred and thirty miles south of Calgary, Lethbridge laughs at Palliser and the drought. For Lethbridge has water—the difference between

By **ROBERT COLLINS**

prosperity and poverty on the prairies. It is the birthplace of Canadian irrigation or, as irrigation farmers put it, "the ditch." It is the shopping centre for the richest, most heavily populated agricultural land in the west—a land which supports one hundred thousand people and last year produced one hundred and forty million dollars' worth of wheat, sheep, cattle, sugar beets, potatoes, peas, beans, corn and cucumbers. Lethbridge is the city that licked the drought.

Of nine hundred thousand irrigated acres in Canada, seventy-two percent are in Alberta, sixty percent are within one hundred miles of Lethbridge—and the ditch is still advancing. Eventually Alberta hopes to have two million four hundred thousand acres under irrigation.

The life-giving water begins its journey to Lethbridge in trickling Rocky Mountain streams. It swells into the Waterton, St. Mary, Oldman, Belly, Milk and Bow Rivers. It bides its time in quiet reservoirs like the seventeen-mile storage basin of the St. Mary River Dam, forty miles southwest of the city. Then it hurries through meandering canals, hurdles gullies and ravines in huge pipe-shaped siphons, gushes into thousands of field-side ditches and finally, through gravity flow and sprinkler pipes, gently gives itself to the thirsty land.

In Lethbridge in summer the drab Alberta prairie suddenly changes into small lush farms laced with blue ditches or bathed in the silvery mist of irrigation sprinklers. The city itself is flat and green, with thirty thousand trees planted by hand forty-three years ago and watered from an irrigation ditch which at that time ran down a main street. Today the streets flow with prosperous businessmen and

Continued on page 51

Because of irrigation Lethbridge is no ordinary prairie town. Years of steady income from verdant surroundings have made it rich, comfortable and complacent.



Where angels and editors would fear to tread,
the best-selling author of *The Art of Plain Talk* now says

Grammar Is A Waste Of Time!

Insistence on "correct and formal" English is a kind of neurosis, he claims. Why should we slavishly follow the fuzzy precepts of some eighteenth-century clergymen?

BY DR. RUDOLF FLESCH

A LARGE PART of your life was spent in learning English grammar and usage, and your children will spend years absorbing exactly the same knowledge.

What did you get out of it? How often do you use your precious knowledge of moods and tenses, participles and gerunds, demonstrative pronouns, and subordinating conjunctions?

The obvious answer is, Never. You speak, read, write all day long, but throughout your adult life you haven't spent a single second in deciding whether to put a verb in the indicative or the subjunctive, or in exercising a choice between a definite and an indefinite article. Grammar is something you learn, promptly forget, and dismiss for the rest of your life.

Why should this be so? How did it come about that a considerable part of your school learning was devoted to something so utterly useless? Once you start to think about it, you immediately realize that here is one of the biggest mysteries of our civilization.

Grammar is the only thing you study *after* having learned how to use it. In everything else the sequence is: ignorance, learning, application. In grammar it's the other way round. You start with knowledge and application, and then you learn.

You learned how to walk by taking steps holding on to the

hands of your mother or father, and then graduating to taking the first, second and third step alone. Similarly, you learned how to talk by saying "Mummy," "Daddy," and "doggie" and proceeding to "I want ice cream" or "Me sound asleep." Did it ever occur to anyone to teach you walking all over again, explaining carefully the proper sequence of muscle movements and the exact angle at which to bend your knees? Of course not. But you *were* taught, laboriously and for years on end, that in constructing the sentence "I want ice cream" you were using the first person singular, nominative case of a personal pronoun as the subject, and the present indicative, active voice of a verb as the predicate, whereas in saying "Me sound asleep" you committed the double, unforgivable crime of putting the personal pronoun in the objective case and uttering a sentence fragment in the bargain.

Most people would consider this procedure crazy and incomprehensible. You learn how to use words; then you use them. What else is there to study? Ask an African Negro or a South Sea Islander—anyone unspoiled by Western habits of thought—and he will look at you in astonishment. He has learned how to master his native tongue; as far as he is concerned, grammar doesn't come into it. Correctness, purity of speech—what does it all mean?

Of course with us the necessity of *Continued on page 46*

SOME FAMOUS FLUBS

To help their campaign for relaxation of the strict rules of grammar, U. S. professors who conduct the Current English Forum in the monthly English Journal have collected thousands of examples of bad grammar by distinguished authors. These include:

JANE AUSTEN: Everybody has a way of their own.

LORD BRYCE: Tyranny is one of those evils that tends to perpetuate itself.

HERVEY ALLEN: Trying to sit up, the whole room had reeled.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: You had ought to tell me that.

RUDYARD KIPLING: One don't begin with writing straight off.



Mayor Lloyd D. Jackson, shown overlooking well-known city market, recently won his fifth term. His council meetings are only ones broadcast by radio.

The busiest city in Canada

Yousuf Karsh finds Hamilton brimming
over with the same kind of energy that
won the Grey Cup for its football team

HAMILTON IS an industrial city which makes everything from soup to nuts (steel ones), and Yousuf Karsh found that acre for acre it's the busiest town in Canada. Strategically situated just forty miles from Toronto in the heart of southern Ontario's industrial area, it bustles with an energy that is not entirely confined to steel mills and manufacturing plants. The Hamilton market is one of the liveliest in Canada; the Hamilton horticultural gardens rank with Butchart's on Vancouver Island, and the Hamilton Tiger-Cats are the best football team in the land. Seventy thousand of Hamilton's seventy-five thousand taxpayers make less than five thousand dollars a year, for Hamilton is a town of working men and there are few millionaires. But average weekly earnings stand at \$61.68, well above the Canadian average of \$56.08. The only small thing about Hamilton, says Karsh, is its "mountain," which he didn't photograph. On film it just doesn't look very big.

Five sides
to Hamilton's
personality

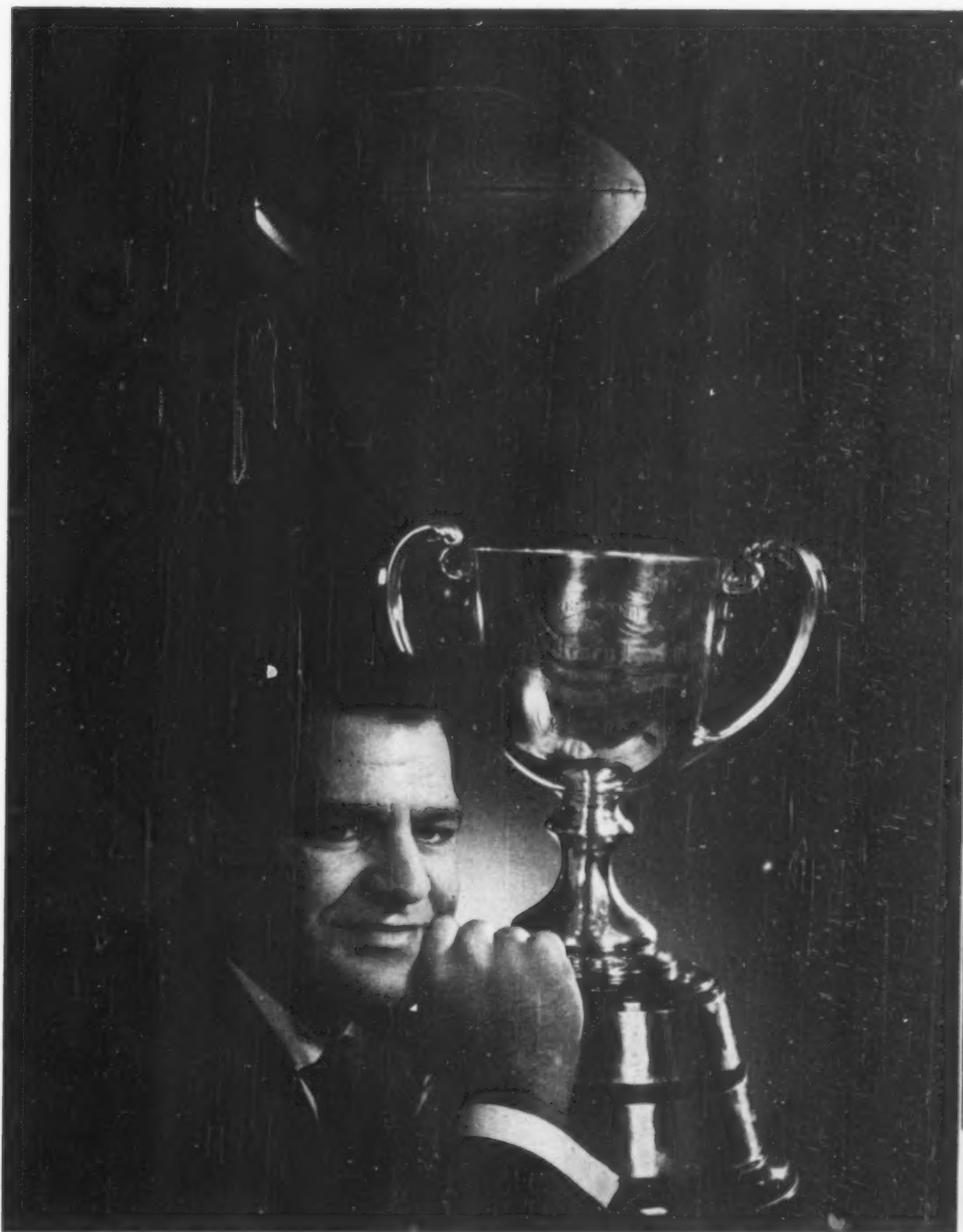


1 Market is familiar city spot. People do not want it moved in spite of tax losses.



2 Hamilton gardens are justly famous as this springtime shot by Karsh indicates.

3 McMaster University is research centre. Dr. H. G. Thode, working with fissionable material, has refused offers to go to U. S.



4 Tiger-Cat star Vince Mazza poses symbolically with Grey Cup and a halo-like football.

5 Chimneys and blast furnaces of various steel companies light up night sky around city.



Karsh's Hamilton *continued*



In a spotless factory, where smoking and eating on the job are strictly prohibited, brilliantly colored Lifesavers pour endlessly down a moving belt.



At Mercury Mills, six hundred spools, all working at once, each prepare twenty-four thousand yards of nylon thread for the knitting machines.



At Greening Wire, oldest company of its kind in Canada, copper strands spin out like bright cobwebs. They are used for screen doors.

They make everything in Hamilton

Six hundred industries running at full tilt turn out nylon thread, copper wire, tiny Lifesavers and giant truck tires

HAMILTON'S LABOR FORCE numbers ninety-five thousand workers and almost one half of them are employed by manufacturing industries which now run close to six hundred. Karsh selected the four pictured on these pages as fairly typical and more than usually photogenic. He was struck by the eerie contrast between spools of nylon thread at Mercury Mills, for women's stockings, and similar spools of copper thread for window screens at Greening Wire (above). Hamilton's factories punch out everything from tires that each cost more than a small car, to candies which move in brightly colored millions along a conveyor belt in an antiseptic and dustless factory.

Huge Roadbuilder tires, weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds, destined for Labrador, are cured for eight hours in vulcanizer at Firestone plant.





Workers and management participate in the profit-sharing plan at Dofasco. Here Jack Parker, who works in the blast furnaces (standing) talks with company chairman Frank Sherman, at end of table.

At
an
lef
pre

Karsh's Hamilton *continued*

Big Steel: it molds city's life

THERE ARE TEN steel and iron companies in Hamilton employing more than ten thousand workers, as well as thirty-four secondary iron products companies making wire, sheet metal and other steel and iron products which employ another four thousand Hamiltonians. Thus steel's ups and downs affect Hamilton's prosperity. When there's a steel strike, the whole town suffers; when the furnaces burn brightly, the whole town profits. Hamilton is known as a strong labor town and this is due in some measure to the presence of one of the nation's strongest unions, the United Steelworkers of America. Though the city has seen some bitter

In the most dramatic moment of steel's manufacture, the "melt" of iron ore and coke pours into slag pit.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 1, 1954





Hugh Gerald Hilton, president of the Steel Company of Canada, stands against a tangled backdrop of stacks and blast furnaces. He's been in the steel business for thirty-five years.

At Parker's left sit a vice-president, D. F. Hassel, and a laborer, Scotty Wright. On the other side, left to right, are machinist John Cline, Dofasco president A. G. Wright and executive v-p F. Loosley.

Hamilton's economy depends
on bright glow of big blast
furnaces which spell profit
for capital and labor alike

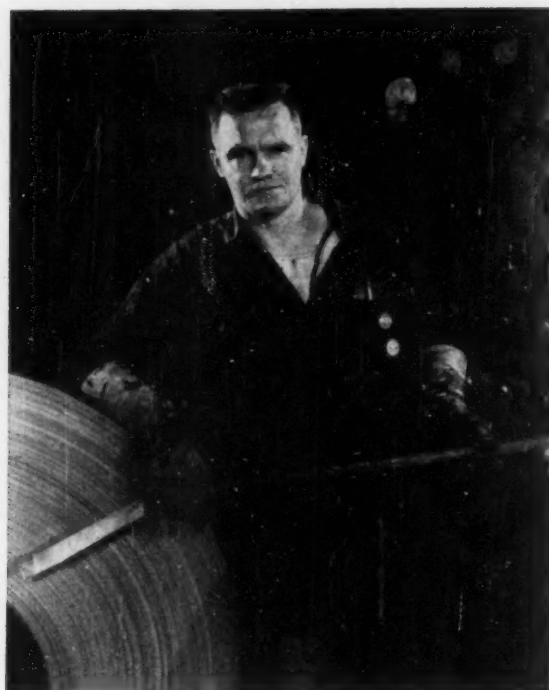
labor disputes over steel, it is also the scene of some spectacular labor-management harmony as shown in the photograph above. Here, at Dominion Foundries and Steel Limited, all employees of more than three years' experience share in the company's profits. Employees contribute up to five percent of their wages to a savings fund and the company pays ten percent or more of its net operating earnings each year for the use of each employee or his dependents on retirement, illness, injury or death. This can add up to a sizeable chunk of money for Hamilton steelworkers but there are further dividends in the relationship the fund engenders.

Plenty of steel stays right in Hamilton. A worker at Westinghouse wedges coils in place on a generator.





George's wife, Mary, plays with three-months-old Danny. Both she and George are natives of Hamilton. She's seen no city she likes better.



George Marshall at work. His jeans, shirt and cap are all coated with oil. George washes them himself.

Karsh's Hamilton *continued*

Portrait of a steelworker

Paratrooper George Marshall is a strong union man and a good Hamilton citizen

GEORGE MARSHALL, the muscular looking young man shown above, works in the cold reduction mill of the Steel Company of Canada, a difficult and dirty job that pays him ninety dollars when he works a full forty-hour week. George's father was a steelworker for twenty-five years and his brother also works for Stelco. George himself has been with the company since 1937, except for four war years spent with the paratroops.

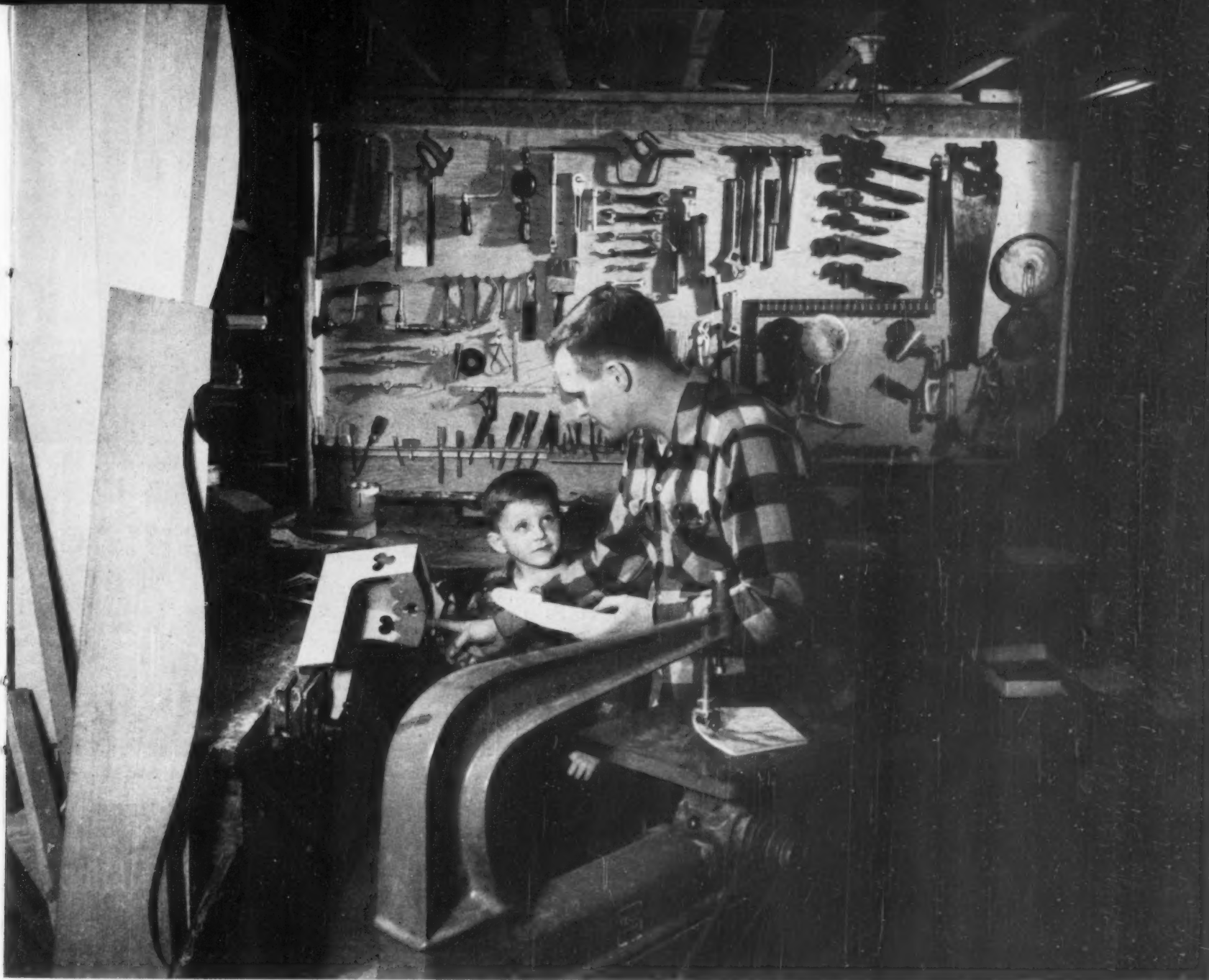
The Marshall family haven't been able to save much money from George's wages but the five of them live comfortably in a white shingle home in a veterans' development. They rent it now but eventually hope to buy. George drives a 1936 Plymouth, which he tinkers with himself, and has two hobbies: collecting first editions and woodworking. He has

an impressive set of tools in his basement and a library of five hundred books, many of them first editions.

George is one of seven thousand members of the United Steelworkers of America who work at Stelco. He is a strong union man who gives up at least one evening a week to his local as chief steward of his department and a member of the union executive. "I wouldn't work in a plant that didn't have a union," he says.

Relations between union and company are now generally good and have resolved themselves into a sort of elaborate minuet with each side jockeying for position. "Stelco's a good place to work," says George. And his wife Mary adds: "As for Hamilton, it suits us fine—I've never seen another city I'd rather live in."★

George reads a lot and collects first editions. Marshall's three-bedroom shingle house in a veterans' development rents for a very reasonable \$37.50 a month.



A methodical man, George Marshall keeps his huge array of tools neatly laid out in basement shop where seven-year-old son has bench just like Dad's.

As chief steward, George discusses union grievance with his foreman, Peter Gordon. They're talking about safety hazards.



The family doesn't save much money, but George Marshall is able to afford luxuries like singing lessons for eleven-year-old Mary (left) by making his own furniture.





Five days after the fire a new dock had been built and bodies of victims were being carried to motor launches and taken for burial to Deadmans Point.

The Fire That Wiped Out Porcupine

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK BY JOHN GRAY

What happens when a bush fire roars down on an isolated mining settlement, the lake is the only sure avenue of escape and there aren't enough boats to go around? Here's the story of five dreadful hours that cost seventy-three lives

ON THE morning of July 11, 1911, James Forsyth woke up with a hangover. He heard his wife Edith fussing about the room, and groaned.

"Are you awake, James?" she asked. He indicated that he was awake.

"It looks very bad outside," his wife said. "It looks as if the whole bush is burning. Don't you think we should do something?"

"Let it burn!" he said, rolling over in his bed and burying his head in the pillow.

For three months small fires had been burning in the Porcupine. Two days earlier one had threatened to wipe out Pottsville, a nearby townsite. But few suspected on that July morning that broker James Forsyth pulled the pillow over his head that this was to develop into the most disastrous day in Porcupine's history.

Forsyth, who now lives at 242 Bingham Avenue in Toronto, recalls that at ten o'clock he was up—and worried. For to the southwest of the small booming northern Ontario gold mining town of South Porcupine the sky was an ugly black. There was a gentle wind.

A little after ten-thirty apprehensive Edith Forsyth took a small suitcase and her cocker spaniel Peter and headed for the lake. "I'll get a boat and go across to Golden City," she told her husband. "It will be safer there."

There was no business in stocks and mining claims that morning so shortly before eleven Forsyth and his partner, Tom Geddes, dropped into Andy Leroux' for a drink.

"It looks like it will get us," Geddes said.

"Maybe," Leroux said, looking out at the sky. "You can never tell with a fire. It depends on the wind."

At twelve-thirty the partners were back at their office, carting water in buckets from across the street to douse the sparks that were flying into the town and threatening to set buildings on fire. The wind had increased.

At one-fifteen they heard the fire whistle blow at the Dome mine, a mile from town. Immediately afterward a gale came roaring out of the southwest. Burning branches, great shreds of flaming birch-bark and a downpour of sparks rained on the town.

At one twenty-five Forsyth ran for his life. The last three hundred yards to the lake he crawled, gasping for breath, clawing his way to the safety of the water.

Three hours later he was still standing on the oozy bottom of Lake Porcupine in water to his chin, suffocated by the scorching heat of the air, numbed

by the bitter cold of the water in the spring-fed lake, clutching a log in case the gale should carry him beyond his depth.

Three days later he left the Porcupine, never to return. James Forsyth was lucky: though he lost his business, his home, all his possessions, he managed to save his life. "It was pretty hard for the women and children," he wrote his parents in South Africa a few days later, "but lots shared worse than us."

He was referring to the seventy-three persons—including his partner—who died: burned, suffocated or drowned when they tried to escape the towering wall of flame and destruction which swept across the northern Ontario gold camp that Tuesday. Hundreds lost everything they possessed except the tattered and burned clothing on their backs. Three townsites and eleven mining properties were leveled. The property damage topped two million dollars.

When the dawn broke next morning tents had already been erected on the blackened site of South Porcupine. Many fled the district, but more remained. There were even those who counted the fire a backhanded blessing. "It can't burn us out again," they said, and pointed out that the fire had also helped the prospector by clearing the land down to the rock.

The Porcupine was only two years old when the disaster struck. In 1909 two prospectors, George Bannerman and Tom Geddes, following the newly constructed Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railroad (now the Ontario Northland) into practically unknown country, left "The Muskeg Special" two hundred and twenty-two miles above North Bay and worked their way along a network of lakes and rivers thirty miles westward from the main line. There in the summer of



The first lumber shipped into Porcupine after the fire was used to make coffins. Death toll is still uncertain because many miners were transients.



Fire wagons were driven into the lake where barrels were filled with water to supply bucket-brigades battling vainly to keep fires from razing the town.

1909 on the shores of a small sausage-shaped lake called Porcupine they staked the first claims in an area that was to become the Porcupine. News of their strike went like a fever round the north. Within months the major properties had been discovered, and the boom was under way.

Towns mushroomed around Lake Porcupine. The first was Porcupine, or Golden City, at the north end of the lake. Only a few thousand yards away on the north shore of the lake was Pottsville, named after a popular pair of hotel keepers, Ma and Pa Potts. The newest of the townsites was at the south end of the lake: in the confusion of Porcupines it was naturally called South End. To the west of Lake Porcupine were the mines, in a broad irregular path that began with the Dome and West Dome properties a mile from South End and terminated some eight miles farther on at the Hollinger and McIntyre claims.

In 1910 the Ontario government announced it would extend the railroad into the Porcupine. By the spring of 1911 there were almost three thousand people in the camp. A dozen mining companies were preparing to blast into the rock. In the townsites men were already replacing the rough log huts that had served through two winters with more substantial frame buildings. Jack Dalton, the teamster, decided to get married and in preparation made a start on South End's first real house. The woods were alive with prospectors bent on turning a grubstake into a bonanza.

Costs were high but wages were good. Dalton was laying the basis for a transport business—"and a reputation"—that has thrived through forty years by hauling for the Dome at sixty-five dollars a day. Arthur Ward washed dishes at the Dome for fifty-five dollars a month and his board. A good meal at Mary Van Greer's restaurant cost seventy-five cents: many felt it was worth that much just to get a chance to talk to Mary.

The Camp had a thirst it spent an infinite patience and an ingenious imagination trying to satisfy. The law was

Continued on page 33



Trees bent under the gale as boats left the dock. The approaching flames forced others into the water.



Survivors, who could easily carry all of their belongings, started building a new town the next day.

THE 3-D



By JOHN BONETT

Illustrated by Robert Buckham

Why did Hollywood tone down the third dimension? Behind this mystery lies a pair of kohl-stained eyes, the gallant heart of Benny Crambo and a weird occurrence that shook the movie moguls to the depths of their platinum swimming pools

IF YOU ARE one of those who still go to the movies, you will have noticed how much less hazardous and terrifying a place it has become nowadays. No longer are you impelled to cower back in your seat as the 3-D screen bombards you with assorted missiles. No clutching hands stretch out to strangle you; no spears or arrows hurtle at your flinching eye; no lashing waves break over your defenseless head.

Is this because Hollywood has realized that you have had a surfeit of such synthetic alarms and excursions? That is what they have told you—and you may have believed them.

But it is not the truth.

The truth is this. Hollywood had to face something for which they could find no explanation, something beyond logic or common sense. They had to face it—or clamp down completely on 3-D. You have seen for yourself what choice they made—but do you know why?

I saw the first burgeoning and, of all who were there at the time, only I realized what had happened. Something of the kind occurred again within a few weeks. The whispered rumor that reached me said that it was at a private preview in Hollywood—and that some of the great film moguls were present and saw it for themselves. Otherwise those men of mammon would not have killed the golden goose.

Whatever it was that they saw they locked tight in their secret hearts.

What I saw took place on the night of Friday, December 18.

Earlier in the day a friend had given me a pass for the Babylon, where the new super-stereoscopic 3-D picture *Harem*, starring Beauty Barola, was having its first provincial release. As I strolled across the square after supper I felt in the mood to enjoy a couple of hours of romantic Hollywood marzipan.

There were two or three hundred people standing on the wide pavement outside the theatre, watched benevolently by a strikingly small policeman. I recollected that Beauty Barola was making the first of a series of personal appearances that night and the fans were after her blood or, at least, a torn fragment of her dress.

I walked into the foyer, showing my pass to a gold-encrusted commissionaire who stood like a bloodhound sniffing the excitement that emanated from the crowd. My seat was one from the end of a row. In the end seat sat a man I knew slightly, Benny Crambo. He was a mild insignificant little fellow whom one couldn't help liking. Still in his early forties, he had remained a bachelor, partly because he was a romantic who placed women on a pedestal of beauty and frailty and partly

Continued on page 28



As the whip lashed at her bare back Benny grabbed it and got into the act.

SHIP OF BENNY CRAMBO





ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

Rarely does a silent man lose one. When trouble brews, he leaps alertly to his feet, grasps the coats of the combatants — and then he shrewdly waits.

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN TELLS **How to win an argument**

THERE ARE probably as many ways to win an argument as there are people. I know one woman, for instance, who just keeps flapping her hand in my face and shrieking: "Who ever told you you were so much?"

One husky friend of mine with flaring nostrils sits all evening with his hands on his knees, smiling and parrying points with remarks like: "Well, that's true. However, I wonder if . . ." or "You've made a very good point there, but don't you agree that . . ."

Around ten-thirty he gets up, carefully wraps his fingers around a lamp, raises it over his head, and, still smiling, tries to drive it through the living-room floor.

It ends with three or four people holding him by the shoulders and everyone talking at once. He peers over their heads at his fellow debater, still smiling but very pale.

He doesn't always throw a lamp, of course. Sometimes he throws ornamental ebony elephants, chrome figurines of skaters and the glass tops of smoking stands. One time the only thing he could lay his hands on was a serviette weighing about an eighth of an ounce, and he nearly threw his shoulder out of joint.

"The only way mankind ever got anywhere was by exchanging points of view," this guy often says, as he lights a cigarette with shaking fingers.

There's never any doubt that he wins something because right after that everyone starts talking gaily about arch supports, leaving him all alone with his victory. But people are too busy picking up lamps or other items of broken china to find out whether what he won was the argument.

**If your friendly discussions
end in chilly silences
read this advice on
the art of winning arguments
without losing friends**

The ideal way to win an argument is to do it without breaking anything, including friendships. For instance, leaving a man without a leg to stand on does not necessarily mean that you've won. It means that the other guy has lost his footing—which is an entirely different thing. If mountain climbers looked at things the way most of us do when we argue, the objective would be to make the other guy slip, instead of reaching the top of the mountain. Your battle should be with the topic, not with somebody in the other chair. The only real victory is reaching a conclusion everyone accepts, with both of you still on your feet. This rarely happens in an argument and I include friendly discussions.

I've noticed that most friendly discussions end with old friends saying good night to the wallpaper and going home early. Or with the girls running around with towels pretending nothing happened.

I've seen two men who went through World War I together start a friendly discussion about religion and end up gripping one another's ties and doing a slow tango up and down the living room.

One kept saying, "Tell-me—I'm—not-a-Christian—will—you!"

The other glared into his friend's eyes like an adder and whispered, "Tell-me—forgiveness—and—loving-kindness—won't—work!" giving the guy's tie a little twist with each word.

One good way to win an argument is to decide on what argument you're trying to win. Decide on a specific, limited objective. I knew one guy who, every time he got into an argument, would start out to prove a simple point: say, that can-openers were getting too complicated, or that it's cheaper to rent a house than to buy one; and keep backing up for a broader view until there was nothing else to decide but whether life was worthwhile. These arguments usually end with everyone just looking sad and able to think of nothing to say, in about the same position as the famous donkey standing between two bales of hay trying to decide which one he should eat and starving to death because he couldn't find the answer.

Another thing, make sure not only that you know what you're talking about but that you know what the other guy is talking about, and that he knows what he's talking about. If he says, "I don't believe in women," don't start shouting, "Well, by gosh, I do." Ask him what he means. Ask him whether he means all women, or just some women, and, if the latter, which ones. Also ask him what he means by believing in them. Does he mean that he thinks they're

Continued on page 38

WORTH STILL MORE IN '54



THE NEW CRESTLINE SEDAN

More V-8 power!
More style-leader beauty!

'54 **FORD**

3 great new lines

with more and more fine-car features
to swing more buyers to FORD in '54

More than ever Ford sets the pace with new fine-car features, new fine-car styling in '54. The new 120-Hp. V-8 engine in all Customline and Crestline models is the finest, most advanced V-8 ever to power a Ford. The famous 110-Hp. Strato-Star in Mainline models combines smooth, dependable V-8 power with amazing economy. Both engines are the products of 20 years' experience gained in building V-8 engines . . . more than all other manufacturers combined!

Again Ford sets the pace with new beauty of styling . . . with new high-fashion models to interpret today's new ideas of motoring!

Ford for '54 offers new power features for effortless driving . . . as well as deep-down riding-comfort that rivals far more costly cars.

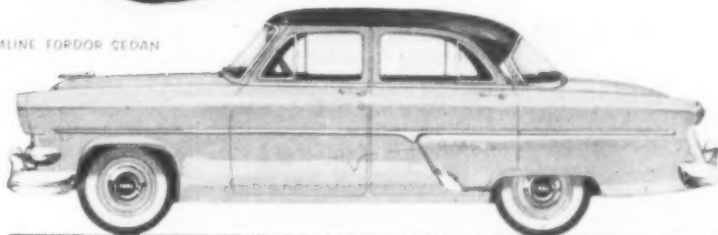
Test-drive Ford for '54 . . . check all the features that make this new fine car worth still more in '54.



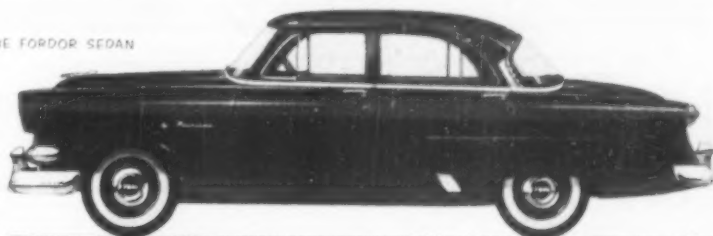
CRESTLINE SKYLINER

. . . all-new and dramatically different, with its transparent dome of tinted plexiglass over the driver's compartment!

CUSTOMLINE FORDOR SEDAN



MAINLINE FORDOR SEDAN



(Whitewall tires, fender skirts and radio optional at extra cost on certain models.)



POWER BRAKES*

Now . . . smooth, straight-line stops at touch of toe on pedal—with Ford's new Power Brakes. Vacuum power does over half the work—relieves strain on leg muscles . . . adds a big bonus of safety to your driving.

POWER STEERING*

Ford's "Master-Guide" Power Steering represents the most efficient power steering system on the road! It puts hydraulic power at your service in exactly the degree you need it, takes all effort out of turning and parking . . . yet lets you retain the steering "feel" that means perfect road control.



(*Power Steering and Power Brakes optional at extra cost on certain models.)



YOUR FORD DEALER INVITES YOU TO TEST-DRIVE FORD

(Advertisement)

how to win friends

Some people, including Ogden Nash, think the best way to make friends is to do something terrible and then make amends. Others omit the terrible in friendship overtures, leaning instead towards the bizarre.

Take the fiddler crab. He ingratiates himself by standing on tiptoe and brandishing his lone, enormous claw in the air for long periods of time.

Then there's an obscure insect called the impis. Hoping to win a pal, he blows up a glistening balloon twice as big as himself into which he puts bright objects. "These," says the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "render the impis and his gift very conspicuous."

The prairie chicken, selfish girl, offers no gift. Instead, prancing and curtsying about, she drums rapidly upon the ground, emitting low, hollow croaks.

Lucky you! No need to stand on one leg, blow up a balloon or drum upon the ground. Not unless you really *want* to. Just haul out some long, green bottles of Molson's Ale, make a few phone calls, and count the friends you'll make.

Molson's ale has been making friends since 1786. Today the famous brew has more friends than any other ale, all won simply by quality and flavour. Less bizarre than some ways. No balloons either.

just consider this!

A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY

- May be purchased outright, or in monthly instalments.
- Won't lapse if you miss a payment.
- Requires no medical examination.
- In event of death before Annuity commences, all payments refunded with interest.
- Can be incorporated with Old Age Security to provide a higher level retirement income for life.

Write for full details **today!**



FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

MAIL COUPON (POSTAGE FREE) TODAY!

Mail to: The Director, Canadian Government Annuities
Department of Labour, Ottawa (Postage Free)

MM-6

Please send me information showing how a Canadian Government Annuity can bring me retirement income at low cost.

My name is _____
(Mr./Mrs./Miss)

I live at _____

Date of Birth _____

Age when Annuity to start _____

Telephone _____

I understand that information given will be held confidential

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Tough Kirk Douglas finds serenity after much violence in *The Juggler*.

THE ALL-AMERICAN: A naïve, harmless college-football yarn starring Tony Curtis as a cocky grid-kick who runs afoul of the jealous campus snobs. Mamie Van Doren, as a beer-joint temptress, assiduously imitates Marilyn Monroe's back-to-the-camera prowl.

ALL I DESIRE: Barbara Stanwyck in a turn-of-the-century tear-jerker as a runaway mama who comes home to a mixed reception from hubby and the kids. A screen soap-opera, no cornier than most.

A BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER: An amateur detective (Joseph Cotten) has to find out whether his brother's widow (Jean Peters) is a murderess or a clean wholesome gal. Some crackling tension is finally worked up in this better-than-average whodunit.

DANGEROUS CROSSING: Another mystery, this one a shipboard yarn about a bride (Jeanne Crain) whose husband vanishes without a trace. Michael Rennie, ship's doctor, elegantly saunters to her rescue. A hackneyed plot with few fresh twists.

HALF A HERO: Humorist Max Shulman wrote this shrewd and unforced little domestic comedy about a suburban couple (Red Skelton, Jean Hagen) and their struggle to make ends meet. Skelton, for Skelton, does a minimum of face-pulling and eye-crossing.

THE JUGGLER: A once-famed vaudeville entertainer (Kirk Douglas), wifeless and childless after years of horror in Hitler's torture-camps, slowly battles his way back to some sort of serenity in photogenic Israel. A strong, deeply moving drama.

LATIN LOVERS: Lana Turner, poor little rich girl, must decide between a wary millionaire (John Lund) and an ardent Brazilian playboy (Ricardo Montalban). An occasionally witty escapist comedy, with a lively performance by Louis Calhern as a gay old rake in Rio's garden of love.

VICKI: A just-fair remake of *I Wake Up Screaming*, with Richard Boone as the psychopathic detective once played so eerily by the late Laird Cregar. It's about a murdered showgirl (Jean Peters) who suffered no lack of sinister admirers.

WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME: Pretentious and preposterous are the words—or my words, anyway—for this overblown Technicolor musical starring Donald O'Connor and Janet Leigh. It also offers a fat comic, Buddy Hackett, who diligently combines the more tiresome mannerisms of Jerry Lewis and Lou Costello.

Gilmour Rates

The Actress: Comedy. Excellent.

All I Desire: Drama. Fair.

Arrowhead: Western. Fair.

The Band Wagon: Musical. Excellent.

Blowing Wild: Oil drama. Poor.

Botany Bay: Sea drama. Fair.

Both Sides of the Law: British drama of women police. Fair.

The Caddy: Golf farce. Fair.

Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.

Conquest of Everest: Actuality epic. Excellent.

The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.

Dangerous Crossing: Mystery. Fair.

Devil's Canyon: 3-D in jail. Fair.

Folly to Be Wise: Comedy. Fair.

From Here to Eternity: Army-camp drama. Excellent.

Genevieve: British comedy. Good.

The Glass Wall: Drama. Fair.

Inferno: 3-D desert drama. Fair.

Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good.

Island in the Sky: Drama. Good.

Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.

Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.

Lion In The Streets: Drama. Fair.

Little Boy Lost: Drama. Good.

Malta Story: Air-war drama. Good.

Man From Alamo: Western. Fair.

The Master of Ballantrae: 18th-century comedy-drama. Good.

Remains to Be Seen: Comedy. Fair.

Return to Paradise: South Sea comedy-drama. Good.

Ride, Vaquero! Western. Poor.

The Robe: CinemaScope epic. Good.

Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent.

Sailor of the King: Drama. Fair.

Shane: Western. Excellent.

So This Is Love: Biog-musical. Fair.

Story of Gilbert and Sullivan: Musical biography. Good.

Turn the Key Softly: Drama. Fair.

Vice Squad: Police drama. Good.

Wings of the Hawk: 3-D western. Fair.

Yellow Balloon: Suspense. Excellent.



The Ford '54 Skyliner... a car that's planned to delight your eye and set your spirits soaring! A panel of plexiglass covers the entire front section of the roof. Comes equipped with Automatic Drive, Heater and White Sidewall Tires.



Listen in —
"THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE"
Wednesday evenings
over CBC
Dominion Network

Name "The Great Gildersleeve"
parrot in Parkay Margarine's
Canadian Contest

Win a '54 Ford Skyliner!

plus special bonus prize of 250 gallons of gasoline!



3 CONTESTS... 3 CARS... 231 OTHER PRIZES!
Enter all 3 contests as often as you wish!

1st Contest ends midnight February 6, 1954
2nd Contest starts February 7, ends midnight February 20, 1954
3rd Contest starts February 21, ends midnight March 6, 1954

78 prizes given away every 2 weeks!

1st PRIZE
New 1954 Ford Skyliner, plus 250 gallons of gasoline as a special bonus prize if 2 Parkay "yellow end flaps" accompany your entry.

2nd PRIZE
Westinghouse DFE-84 "Frost Free" Refrigerator.

3rd PRIZE
Combination Radio-phonograph, or 21" TV Set.

4th PRIZES
10 Westinghouse Roaster Ovens.

5th PRIZES
15 Westinghouse Steam-Dry Irons.

Plus 50 prizes, each consisting of 6 pairs of "Powers Model" 60-Gauge Nylons.

Follow these easy rules to win!

- Print or write clearly your suggested name for the parrot. Use the coupon in this advertisement, a plain piece of paper or an entry blank from your grocer.
- Print your name and address on each entry. Include also name and address of the grocer from whom you buy Parkay Margarine.
- Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each name suggestion on a separate entry blank.
- With each entry enclose the yellow end flap from any package of Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the bonus award of 250 gallons of gasoline to Ford Skyliner winners, enclose yellow end flaps from two packages of Parkay. (In each case, reasonable facsimiles will be accepted.) Every qualifying entry received will be judged.
- Mail entries to Parkay Margarine, Box 2310, Terminal "A", Toronto, Ontario.
- There will be three fortnightly contests. First contest closes February 6, 1954. Second contest closes February 20, 1954. Third contest closes March 6, 1954. Entries received before midnight February 6 will be judged in the first contest. Thereafter, entries as received will be judged in the then current contest. Entries for the final contest must be postmarked before midnight March 6 and must be received by March 13. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. Kraft Foods Limited assumes no responsibility for entries lost or delayed in the mail. Entries with inadequate postage do not qualify and will not be considered. You accept all conditions of rules when you enter.
- Contest prize winners will be notified by mail. No one person may win more than one prize in any of the three contests, nor more than one first prize in any of the contests. Complete list of winners will be sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope at close of final contest. Winners names will be published.
- Prizes as listed elsewhere in this advertisement will be awarded to the contestants whose name suggestions are considered most original, most unique and most apt by the judges. Judges' decision is final. In case of a tie, entry with earliest postmark will be declared winner. All entries become the property of Kraft Foods Limited.
- This contest is open to any person living in those provinces in Canada where the sale of margarine is permitted by provincial law. Residents of Quebec and Prince Edward Island are not eligible. Employees of Kraft Foods Limited, its advertising agencies and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.



KRAFT'S PARKAY spreads smoothly even when ice cold!

Send yellow end flap with your entry

You'll love the way Kraft's Parkay Margarine tastes! And you'll love the way it spreads—even when you take it ice cold from your refrigerator! Grocers carry Parkay in handy Color-Kwik bag, regular 1 lb. pack and 2 lb. economy size.

CLIP THIS ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

Mail to Parkay Margarine, Box 2310, Terminal "A", Toronto, Ontario. Enclose the yellow end flap from any package of Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the special bonus prize of 250 gallons of gasoline for Ford Skyliner winners, enclose two yellow end flaps.

My name for the parrot _____

My own name _____

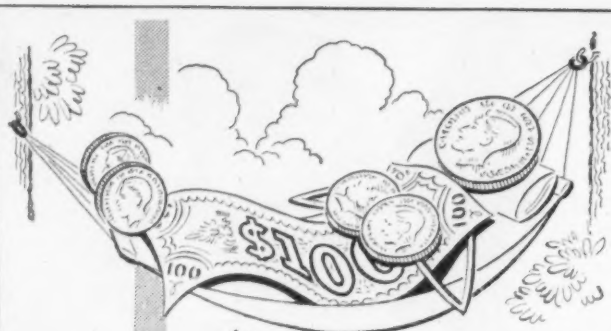
Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Grocer's name and address _____

Get additional entry blanks from your grocer or use plain pieces of paper.

Don't delay! Enter today! Enter often!



Have you any IDLE MONEY?

Sometimes, money that could be up and doing . . . working hard . . . earning its keep . . . just lies idle. Such money could be invested to provide additional income and very often, capital gain.

Have you some idle funds . . . perhaps more cash than you need for current expenses? If you have, why not decide now to put it to work by investing it in bonds and stocks?

We have been advising investors for over 31 years, and undoubtedly we can be of assistance to you. Just write or telephone . . . or better still, come in and see us.



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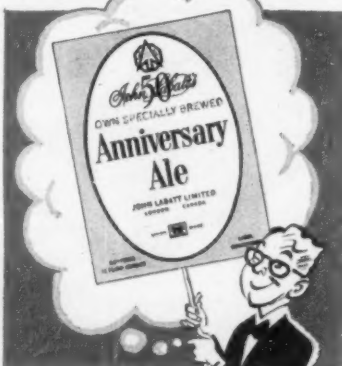
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An occasion for celebrating!

Anniversary Ale was brewed for just such an occasion. The *lightest* and *smoothest* of all ales, it leaves no regrets. Yet Anniversary contains all the traditional Labatt's* body and character to brighten an already glad

occasion. Luckily there's no need to wait for a killing at cards. The combination of a thirst and a bottle, or better still a case, of *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale is an occasion in itself. John Labatt Limited.

*The swing is **DEFINITELY** to Labatt's

The 3-D Courtship of Benny Crambo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

through an endearing shyness which made social life an unmitigated purgatory for him.

He smiled in diffident welcome and we chatted desultorily while the house filled up. In due course there was a tumult of cheering and Beauty Barola entered with a train of satellites. Since she took her seat in the balcony above us neither Benny nor I saw her, but there was no doubt from the reception she got that the audience had taken her to their hearts.

Five minutes went by before their enthusiasm was spent and the last photographer had used his last flashbulb. Then we all settled back and the film projector began to hum.

There have been many films like Harem before and there will be many more. Take a few thousand tons of sand, a mosque or two, a sneer of camels, suntanned men in burnouses, a palace like the Taj Mahal and a harem of fifty beautiful girls of every shade of color; add a handsome young lover and a wicked, sadistic Sultan, and before the first reel is over you remember the rest of the picture. But Harem had something the others hadn't got—Beauty Barola in the part of Scheherazade, the damsel in distress.

When she first appeared on the screen a murmur of pleasure and ungrudging admiration throbbed through the cinema. She was the answer to the 3-D cameraman's prayer. If there were an excuse needed for this unlikely form of art—and I have no doubt that there is—it is the way in which it has brought Beauty's perfect dimensions right among us. Five feet of curving delight, topped by a heart-shaped and heart-snatching face with tilted nose and violet eyes. Hair of spun sunbeams.

To every man there comes at times a mental image of the perfect wife of his bosom. There was, I think, none in that audience who, seeing this lovely creature with her expression of mingled warmth, gaiety, simplicity and understanding, did not contemplate her sitting, rosy and fragrant from her morning bath, on the opposite side of his breakfast table.

We watched her cross the palm-lined road on some trivial errand for her mother. We saw the Sultan riding toward her with his escort. His tired, lascivious eye lit upon her, and in a moment amid a blur of shining blades and flashing hooves she had been snatched up and, crying out in terror, was lying aslant the Sultan's saddle as he galloped toward the palace.

Thrust roughly into the harem, she was placed in the hands of a mountainously fleshy man whose stone-chip eyes were set in a moon face. There attendants washed her in a bath of milk, anointed her with unguents, stained her eyes with kohl and dressed her in a diaphanous-trousered suit and jewel-studded sandals.

Meantime, while a banquet was being prepared, the Sultan stamped

the palace as he waited with uncontrollable impatience for the submission of his latest bride. Anxiously the audience waited with him. Large sentimental tears flowed down the plump face of a woman on my left. On my right Benny Crambo sat forward on the edge of his seat, rapt and eager, like a pint-sized knight-errant ready to do and dare for the salvation of the fair maid.

Suddenly the gigantic stained-glass window of the harem was shattered and the air became convincingly full of flying glass. Into the room leaped Roger, the handsome young lover, torn, bruised, and armed only with the invincible fervor of his passion for the young girl. For the other forty-nine beauties of the harem he had no eyes, but gazed with worshiping rapture at Scheherazade. And while he stood bemused, the curtains at the entrance parted and in strode the Sultan. The canary chattering of the harem girls ceased. Scheherazade's lips opened in terrified anticipation. Defiantly Roger stood his ground, eyeing the whip that lay coiled in the Sultan's hand and breathing noble disdain.

Behind Roger the mountainous eunuch moved lightly like an evil balloon and in a moment the young man's arms were pinioned and the Sultan was advancing menacingly.

"So you think to take the girl from me," he rasped. "Very well. You shall see her punished for your impertinence."

He signed to the fat man who swiftly jerked Roger's arms upward and, while the latter gasped in sudden pain, tied them to one of the pillars supporting the roof.

"The girl," said the Sultan sharply, and the eunuch seized her and threw her down onto a pile of cushions. While she lay shuddering the Sultan ripped the back of her jacket down to the waist and stepped back, letting the whip run through his hand. Contemptuously he cracked it so that the thonged leather curled an inch before Roger's face. Then taking a swift measuring look at the girl's bare back, he raised his arm.

As the lash snaked up and away from him I had the vivid illusion that the metaled tip was flying directly at my face. A heart-stopping sob from Scheherazade was matched by a wild shout from beside me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Benny Crambo standing, his mouth agape in defiance, his face a blaze of wrath. I saw him grab the thong and hold on to it—and then, pulled by the recoil of the lash, he was drawn through the air straight into the screen. He crashed against the Sultan who fell with a thunderous jar and lay still upon the harem floor.

Benny was on his feet at once and, seizing a water jar almost as large as himself, brought it down on the fat man's head. No human skull could have withstood that lethal weapon. The eunuch sagged to his knees and rolled over.

In a moment Benny had untied a startled and incredulous Roger and was raising Scheherazade from her cushions. The girl turned her head slowly and looked at Benny. In that look were wonder, admiration, grati-

BELATED REALIZATION

Of my amorous woes, the greatest part
Do not so much attach

To the fact that I have a big soft heart
As that I've a head to match!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



Of course—it's *Airfoam* inside

What the designers and makers of Canada's finest furniture have discovered in Airfoam cushioning is that any style or period can be made fabulously comfortable, a joy for the owner to care for and a revelation in lasting good looks.

With Airfoam cushioning you are cradled in deep rich luxury—yet when you rise, cushions plump right up again. Airfoam never sags, breaks down or comes apart. To enjoy furniture that looks *new* for years, be sure it has Airfoam inside.

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Airfoam MADE ONLY BY **GOOD YEAR**
THE WORLD'S FINEST CUSHIONING



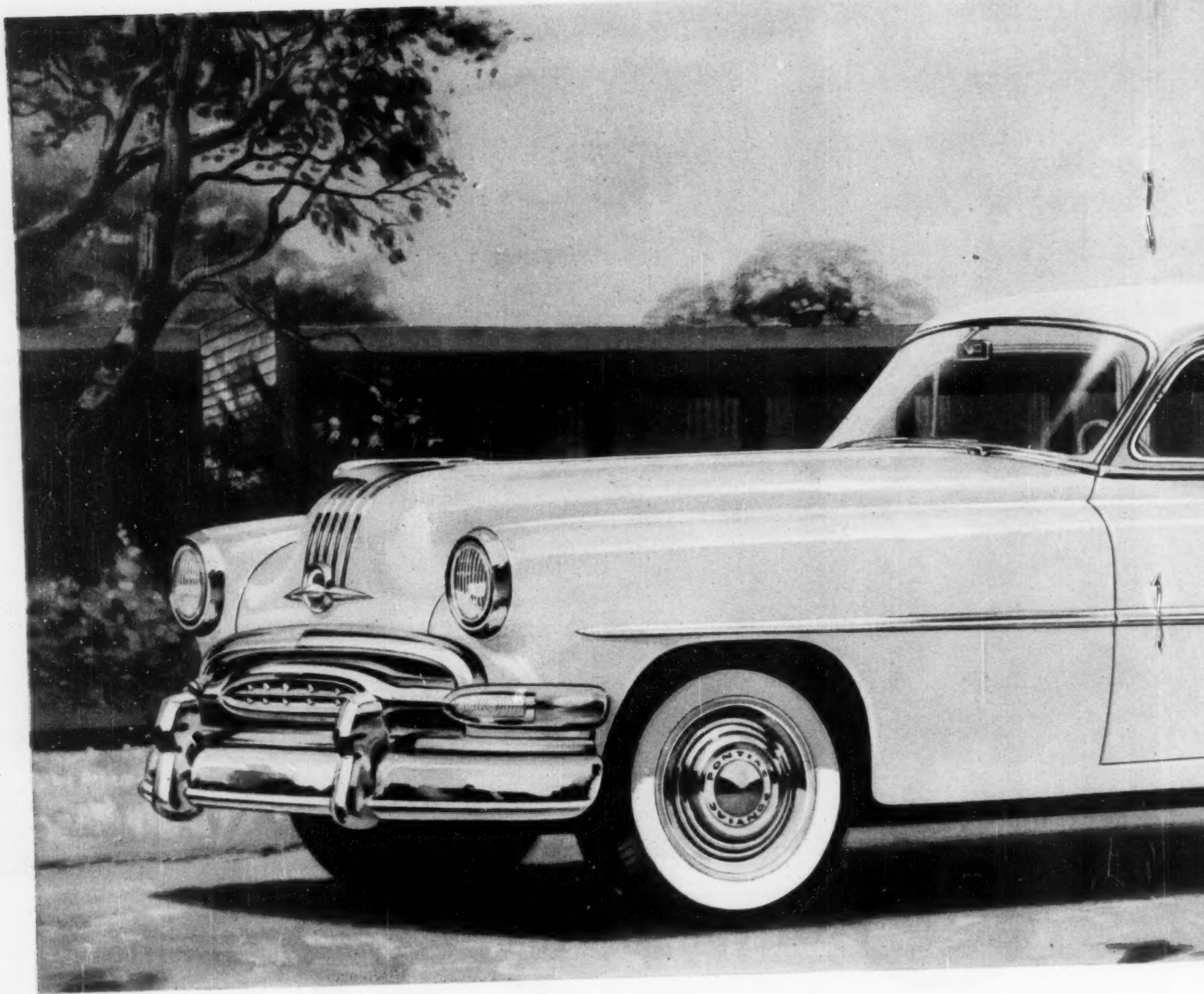
PILLOWS . . . Made of sleep-coaxing Airfoam. So enticingly cool and restful. Ideal for allergy sufferers.



AND MATTRESSES of Airfoam for comfort beyond words . . . cool and healthful. Never need turning.



IN CARS Airfoam means comfortable seats for the life of the vehicle. Specify Airfoam when you buy.



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

PRESENTING THE NEW 1954

Star Chief Pontiac



AND 5 OTHER GREAT SERIES

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 1, 1954



ILLUSTRATED—The handsome, New Pontiac Star Chief Custom Four-Door Sedan

A COMPLETELY NEW LINE BRINGING NEW LENGTH, BEAUTY, LUXURY AND POWER TO PONTIAC'S LOW PRICE RANGE

Here's the happiest combination of quality and value in Pontiac history—the first genuine luxury car ever to appear in Pontiac's low price range. It's the new Star Chief Pontiac—you can see it now at your dealer's!

And this completely new line is just one reason why you should visit your Pontiac dealer soon. You'll want to see the five other brilliant Pontiac series which have great new features and style, too. For instance, both the famous engines have been improved for even greater efficiency. Compression ratios have been stepped-up, and the "8" now delivers 127 horsepower with automatic transmission. There are three separate chassis with three different wheelbases. There's newly styled Body by Fisher—multiple color preferences—color-keyed upholstery fabrics—just to name a few of the features standard on every Pontiac.

Pontiac now offers, optional at extra cost, all the modern power controls of the finest cars. There's a choice of two proven automatic transmissions. There's the extra control of Power Brakes and Power Steering. And also optional at extra cost in many models there's the comfort of air conditioning and the convenience of automatic window lifts.

And just think of this—there's a choice of no fewer than 31 glorious models from 6 series—Pathfinder, Pathfinder Deluxe, Laurentian, Chieftain Special, Chieftain Deluxe, and the new Star Chief.

Yes, there are many reasons for seeing the new 1954 Pontiacs at your dealer's soon. But when you see them—and try them—you'll find there are many, many reasons for owning a Pontiac in 1954.

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR YOU CAN'T BEAT PONTIAC

tude and the unmistakable breathless glory of the thunderbolt of love. She took his pale face between her cupped hands and with awe and the promise of paradise in their eyes they kissed.

Roger watched them astounded. He stared with shocked incredulity as they rose and, hand in hand, walked to the door of the harem and passed out of sight. Puzzled, deserted, suddenly and devastatingly unheroic, a lover robbed of his due, he stumbled to the broken window.

The movie audience sat in that tranced silence which a great experi-

ence produces. But it was the silence of strained emotions and not of bewilderment. Amazedly I realized that for them what had happened was part of the story of the film they were watching. They had seen a little ordinary man, a person like themselves, wrest a girl of incomparable beauty from danger and win her heart from a handsome virile hero. In that quiet, wordless love scene they had found sincerity and genuineness—and the withered and sterile romanticism in their hearts had responded to the touch of a deathless love.

They watched Roger reach the window and turn his head to look once more at the door through which Scheherazade had passed. Then, suddenly, the screen flashed and went dark and every light in the house snapped out. The audience sat quietly, wrenched back sharply to reality from a world larger than life.

I heard murmurs of "short circuit . . . break in the film . . . won't be long . . ." But when a minute or two had gone by a man appeared on the stage in front of the screen, shining a torch on himself to disclose his man-

ager's uniform of white shirt and dinner jacket.

"I am sorry that there has been a breakdown in the normal electrical system and in our emergency power plant," he said. "If you will please remain in your seats I am sure that the fault will be remedied quickly."

I was glad of the concealing darkness for I was greensick with shock. Benny had rocketed from my side, snatched into the screen by the Sultan's curling whip. That I had seen, if I could believe my eyes. He had clutched the lash with both hands and his hair had been ruffled by the speed of his flight.

With timorous curiosity I bent down and from beneath the empty tilted seat I pulled out a hat and umbrella. Of course—he had gone out in the middle of the performance, I told myself, and left his belongings behind. He had intended to return but could not find his seat in the darkness. But I didn't convince myself. I was afraid and, jumping up, I hurried along the aisle to the exit. Before I reached the doors, the manager was once again on the stage. He regretted that the fault could not be located and asked the audience to leave in an orderly manner; attendants would give them vouchers so that they could see the film later.

The ushers' torches cast beams along the rows as they directed people to various exits. I pushed open the swivel doors into the foyer and breathed in the fresh air that blew through the portico. The lights in the entrance hall had been unaffected by the breakdown and I could see outside a crowd of fans waiting for Beauty Barola to appear. The commissionaire and a policeman were patiently keeping open a lane to a limousine that purred gently beside the pavement.

Presently, from the stairway that led to the gallery came Beauty Barola, laughing warmly and happily, as lovely in the flesh as on the three-dimensional screen, her hair a splendor of soft gold, her violet eyes ashine with the joy of living. She passed with her escort between the lines of ecstatic admirers and paused for a moment by the car to face the expectant cameras.

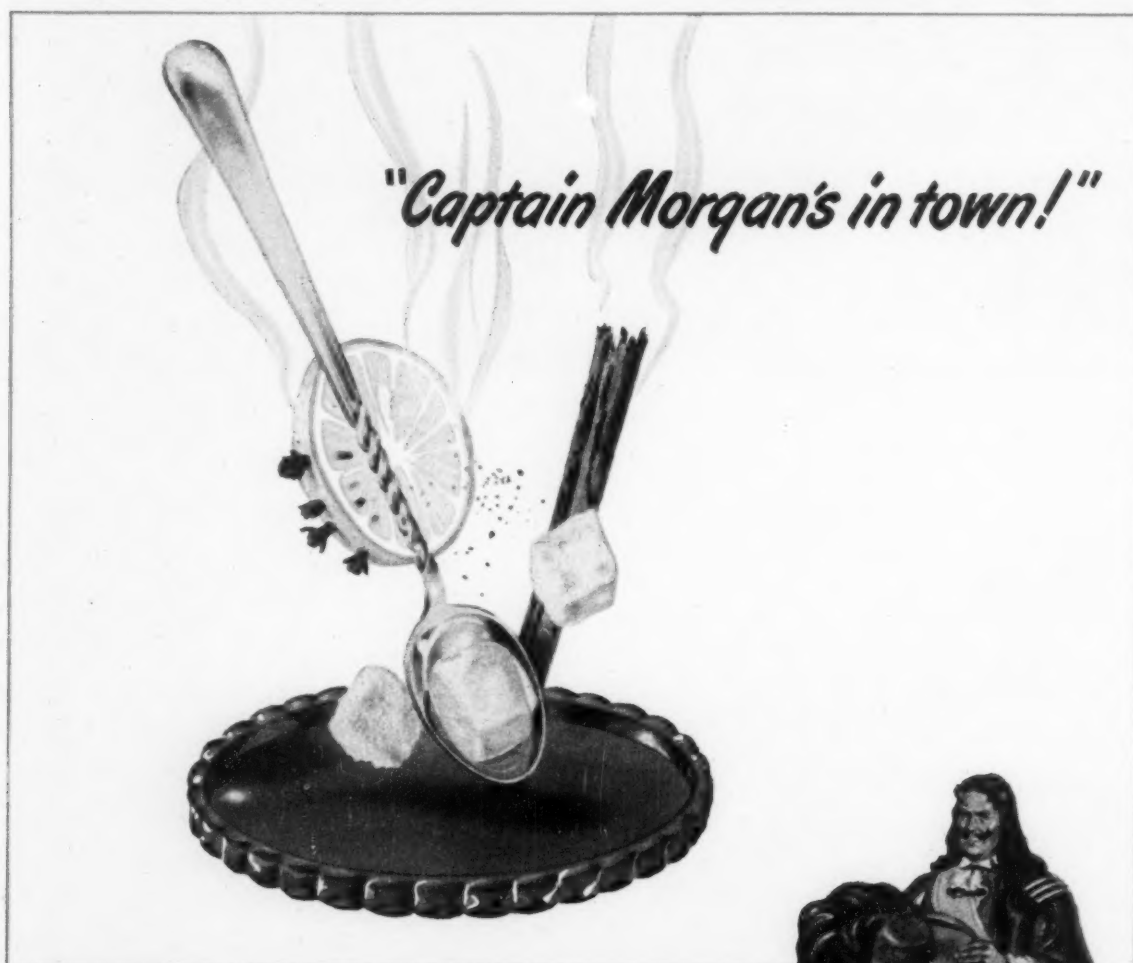
I followed in her wake and stood in the portico, my gaze traveling half-focused over the faces of the crowd.

And then I saw Benny.

He had no jacket on; it was round the shoulders of a girl who was pressed close against him. Beneath the jacket hem fell the diaphanous folds of a pair of silken harem trousers. Jewel-studded sandals sparkled on her tiny feet. I raised my head to see the heart-shaped face and Kohl-stained violet eyes of Scheherazade.

She was as I had seen her last, when hand in hand with Benny she had walked out of the harem—and off the screen. Only now Benny's coat covered the torn fabric of her garment.

In the midst of the crowd they were quite alone, as once in an earlier world man and his newly created woman had been alone together in the Garden of Eden. I looked at them and my doubts and fears departed. I knew now that I did not wish to seek an explanation. For, whatever the means, whatever the meaning, somehow from the world of shadows a knight-errant had found and rescued his fair lady—and who, even in this scarred and cynical world, could doubt that they would live happily ever after? ★



*...and he's bringing you
a smoother Hot Buttered Rum!*

Spicy, steaming, smooth as molten gold . . . a cup of Hot Buttered Captain Morgan Rum is a favorite on any cold day. There's a special, but simple, way to make it. The new Captain Morgan Recipe Booklet will tell you how. It is full of new ideas for delightful rum drinks and food recipes. For your free copy, write Captain Morgan Rum Distillers Limited, Dept. B, P.O. Box 308, Montreal, Que.



GOLD LABEL
Rich and full-bodied



Black Label
Extra smooth
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**Captain Morgan
RUM**

Blended in Canada from Carefully Selected Rare Old Rums
by Captain Morgan Rum Distillers Limited.

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The Porcupine Fire

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

clear and definite: no liquor was to be sold within six miles of any mining property (8 Edw VII, C 21, S 184). "Soft drink" parlors flourished. Charlie See, a South End druggist, summed up the situation on a large sign he put up over his store on Golden Avenue:

CHAS. A. SEE
DRUG STORE
Pills and Things

The emphasis was on Things. In Golden City imagination kept only a short step ahead of the long arm of provincial police constable Charlie Piercy. The booze came in with the horse feed; the flooring of a carload of pigs concealed a shipment of rye; one whole consignment of four-inch pipe had alternate pipes stuffed with bottles; there were crates of eggs that were eggs on the top and eggs on the bottom and good Scotch whisky in between.

Men endured the law as they endured the country. In the winters they learned to survive the sixty-below mornings and in the summers to put up with the heat when for days—sometimes weeks—the air hung in shimmering waves across the land. With the heat came the bugs—the black fly, mosquito and deer fly—a nuisance rather than a terror, though their constant, insistent attack could make life unbearable and drive temper to the edge of madness. The hardest thing to conquer was the loneliness, worst in the bush, but even in the towns where there were few women and almost no entertainment a man could find himself alone, and even when not alone, lonely. So they drank. And gambled a bit. And planned elaborate practical jokes on one another.

Danger in the Bush

The spring and early summer of 1911 was one of the driest and hottest northern Ontario has ever known. Spring came early: after the first week in May sleighs could no longer use the roads. Everything began to dry out. There was no rain. It got hot. Ontario's record high of 109 degrees was set at Stoncliffe on July 3; Canada's all-time high of 115 degrees had been set a couple of weeks earlier out at Wilmer, B.C. Day after day the heat went on, headline news in every major newspaper in eastern Canada. The woods were a great tinder pile. Muskeg, usually a dank evil muck, crumbled in your hand. For six long weeks nothing heavier than a sun shower was felt in the Porcupine.

Danger lurked in the bush. Throughout the Camp, around the mines and townsites and scattered through the forest, were piles of slash—branches and waste that had been stripped from felled trees—waiting a chance to burn. The Porcupine needed a lot of timber. There was plenty for all, stands of jack pine and spruce that sometimes grew so thickly a man had difficulty making a trail through. Prospectors, lumbermen, miners and plain people walked into their backyards and cut what they needed, timber for the boilers that generated power at the mines, timber to be used in the shafts being sunk in the rock, logs for the buildings and the roads and for use as railway ties. Every tree that came down added to the dry brown hazard on the ground.

The fires began early in the season. Most forest fires are small to begin with. A man carelessly tosses a match away, or drops hot ashes from his pipe on the ground, or forgets to make sure his campfire is out, and that starts it. A small spark gets into a twig, or

smolders in the cushion of pine needles on the ground. It may smolder that way for days, even weeks, gradually spreading. In the days it burns harder, at night the dew may damp it down a little. And then it reaches a slight rise in the ground and a draft forms behind it. There is a point at which a forest fire begins to make its own draft. With a puff of wind behind it the fire breaks out and spreads across the country until it burns itself out, or is killed by rain, or meets a barrier it cannot cross.

On May 18 one of these small fires smoldering near the Hollinger property grew up and swept the Hollinger to the ground. A new ore crushing mill nearing completion was lost—a serious blow to the young mine. But Noah Timmins had his men rebuilding the next day, confident Hollinger would repay dividends to heal any wound fire might inflict.

There were other fires. Through June and early July they burned, usually far from the mines and towns, gradually loading the air with a fine blue haze that in time blended with the heat and reduced visibility to a couple of miles. Nobody worried at first. The fires were small, and it had to rain soon. Only rain could reduce the hazard, for with the barest minimum of fire-fighting equipment, sufficient only to supply bucket brigades for isolated fires, men realized they were at the mercy of any big fire.

On July 1 the railway officially reached the Camp. It arrived at five-twenty in the afternoon—an engine, a first-class coach, the private car Temagami, and the Ontario government car Sir James—having made the twenty-six-mile journey from the main line at Porquis Junction in an hour and twenty minutes. The Porcupine celebrated the end of the long hard trek by foot or canoe or wagon. The Muskeg Special was retired and regular passenger service begun. Even more important than the convenience to travelers was the freight service: materials to build the mines would come more quickly, the towns would grow. The Cobalt Nugget was already carrying large advertisements inserted by real-estate companies advising readers to buy at once "and be one of the thousands to make money out of the Lakeview-Porcupine townsite lots." There was talk of a population of ten thousand before the year was out.

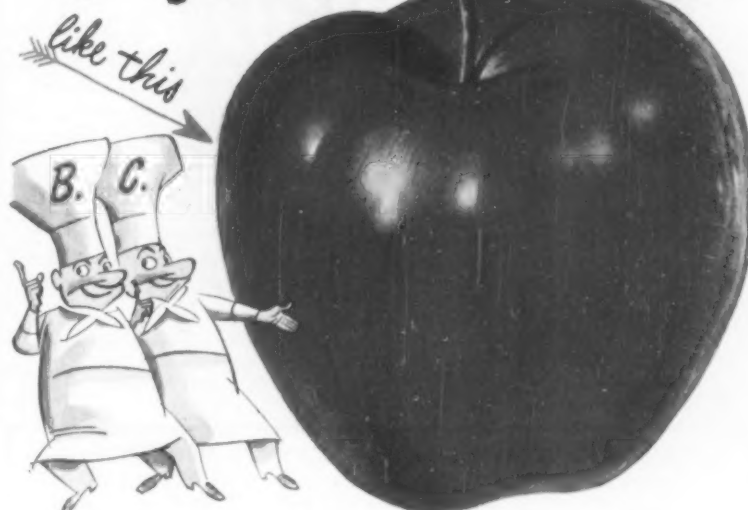
And then on Sunday July 9 the Camp got a taste of what was coming. A wind sprang up and carried one of the small fires burning on the edge of Pottsville into the town. Twenty houses burned to the ground. A hundred and fifty men formed a bucket brigade to keep the fire out of the main business section. On Saturday the temperature had been 106. For the first time fire really got at the homes and people were scared; residents hurriedly dragged their movable possessions from their houses and piled them on the dock—just in case. There were dozens of small fires burning in the bush around, some accidental, some it was claimed (and denied) set deliberately by prospectors looking for an easy way to clear the moss off the rock. The wind fell, and the Pottsville fire died out in the afternoon.

"What is needed in the worst possible way is an exceptionally heavy rainfall; and people all over the district are praying for rain," the Nugget correspondent wired his paper next day. "It is the only thing that will stop the bush fires which owing to the extremely dry condition of the woods, following this late heat wave, sweep everything when fanned by the winds."

If the rain came, and there was no wind...

They were printing his report in

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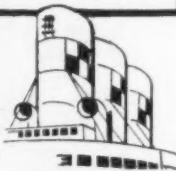
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Cobalt on the morning of July 11. Up in the Porcupine when people got up it was cooler, and a light breeze was blowing in from the southwest.

In South Porcupine Billy Gohr was out early, looking at his new store and thinking about business. The smoke to the southwest bothered him. When J. P. Bartleman, in later years a mayor of Timmins, passed by a few minutes later he was still gazing distractedly at the building.

"Morning, Billy," Bartleman said. "It looks bad."

"It sure looks bad," Billy Gohr said. "It looks very bad. If that fire ever comes in on us and this store goes I'm ruined. Everything I've got's in that store and there's no insurance . . ."

He took another look at the black sky. "If that store goes I might as well go too," Billy Gohr said.

The two men laughed together.

Just before lunch Charlie Piercy, the provincial constable in Golden City, took a long look at the sky and decided he'd better go to South End and see his partner, George Murray. When he got to the other end of the lake he found a full evacuation under way. While things were still under control it had become clear that only a miracle could save the town. But men are optimistic; they prayed for the subtle shift of wind that would carry the fire away from the town and meanwhile they packed their women and children into the small gasoline launches that plied the lake, and manned buckets to try and keep the sparks that were beginning to come into town from setting buildings on fire.

Trouble at the Dock

As far as anyone could tell the big fire had taken hold around Star Lake, twenty miles to the southwest. Between it and the Camp stood virgin bush and a good sized river, the Mattagami.

"Maybe it will stop at the river," men said. "If it doesn't get going too fast, maybe it will stop at the river."

At the dock, as big George Murray rushed onto the dock and demanded space in a boat. Murray knocked one of them into the lake, Jack Gardner took his gun and herded the rest back to shore. The sky got black. It looked like a great thunderstorm. Only the play of light at its base from the flames betrayed that hope.

In the town every man was active. Over at the Imperial Bank the manager, M. H. MacKay, piled all the money into suitcases and the suitcases into a canoe and carried the canoe down to the waterfront. Jack Dalton was getting his horses out of the stable, hitching them to wagons and taking them down to the lake where he ran them as far into the water as they would go. Cliff Moore, who ran the King George Hotel, got the cigars from the counter and began handing them out.

"We might as well smoke 'em as burn 'em," he said cheerfully.

In his hotel dining room they were still serving dinner when the flames hit the town.

The Dome mine was a little more than a mile from South Porcupine, directly in the line of the fire. The manager and his men decided that morning to make a stand against the fire, if it came. It seemed a reasonable decision: they had the latest fire-fighting equipment and the land for a hundred acres around the workings and bunkhouses had been cleared. Although the smoke increased steadily through the morning there was no panic and the men continued working until lunchtime. After lunch the wind hit.

That's when they blew the fire whistle.

In South Porcupine the whistle was the signal for panic. At one-fifteen they blew the Dome fire whistle. Twenty minutes later South End was in flames.

In Haileybury that day, over a hundred miles away, the government weather man made a laconic entry in the record book. Under the heading "Miscellaneous Phenomena" he wrote one word: gale.

Up in the Porcupine that wind took green birch trees ten inches thick and snapped or doubled them six feet off the ground. It whipped Lake Porcupine, only a mile and a half long, into waves seven and eight feet high. Arthur Ward was working at the Dome: when the metal roofing on the buildings began to blow around in the wind he decided to get out.

This was the wind that doomed the Porcupine. No human force could stop the fire once the gale picked it up. Ward, running along the road from the Dome to South Porcupine, passed tree after tree burning at the top, though the fire had not yet worked its way to the ground. Burning brands, an inch and a half thick, were carried miles ahead of the main fire on the wind. Ward had to leap over trees that had been blown across the road; he managed to reach South End before the fire had taken complete control, convinced that he had broken the hurdle record for the distance no matter what it might be.

At the West Dome there was no time to run. Several who tried it were trapped in the bush and burned to death. The mine captain, Robert Weiss, a giant who stood six foot three and weighed almost four hundred pounds, one of the Camp's most popular bosses, decided to take his wife Jennie and his three-year-old daughter Ariel down the mine shaft for safety.

Weiss, an American from Colorado, was already a legend in the Camp. They told with glee the tales of how he got stuck in the barber's chair and had to be hauled out. Or of how he had gone to the livery stable to rent a buggy. They got out the sturdiest looking one: he went to step in one side and broke the step, then repeated the operation on the other side. From then on the liveries wouldn't rent him buggies so he had to ride in the freight wagon where he had a whole seat to himself.

The day before Weiss had been worried about the fires burning all over the district. "These fires have got my goat," he told a friend. "I can't sleep at night. They're a regular nightmare."

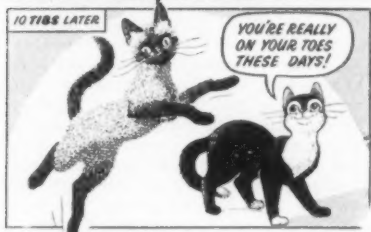
When the fire came roaring in on the West Dome Weiss realized he couldn't possibly escape. So he took his family with him into the shaft. Seventeen others followed them down.

"You're not afraid, Jennie, are you?" Bob Weiss said as they were preparing to descend.

"No," his wife said. "Come on. If we're going to die we'll die together."

One man who went down came to his senses in time to get out. The rest were suffocated. They found Weiss at the very bottom, with his daughter in his arms. It took a block and tackle to get him out, and fourteen men to carry his coffin.

Others were more fortunate. At the Dome they had a large pond that had been made to store water for the boilers. Sixty men leaped into it and stood there, dousing themselves with water, until the fire passed. Only one man in that group panicked: before anyone could stop him he had jumped out of the water and rushed off into the flames. They found his charred body close to where the bunkhouse had been.



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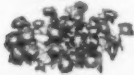
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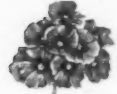
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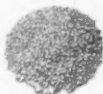
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The mine doctor, Garnet McLean, and A. D. Miles—who later became president of the International Nickel Company—were in the Dome pond that day.

"Do you think any dynamite got left in the dryhouse?" McLean asked.

"We got it all out and put it in the Cache," Miles told him. "Don't worry."

A moment later there was a heavy explosion.

"I guess we forgot a fifty-pound box," Miles said. McLean smiled weakly and went on sloshing water over his head, thinking about the tons of dynamite in the Cache, a short distance away.

"If that was fifty pounds," the doctor said tentatively a few minutes later, "what about the tons of the stuff in the Cache . . ."

"If that goes doctor, our worries are at an end!"

For some reason they both felt better about it after that. The Cache proved to be fireproof.

Meanwhile the manager of the Dome, Thomas Meek, who lived on the property with his wife and two small children, was having his own troubles. When the fire first appeared the manager's impulse was to save his house. He had a water line running to it and, with the assayer, the engineer and the chief carpenter, kept fighting the sparks. It was soon clear they were losing the battle.

"I can't do anything more about this, boys," Meek said to the other men. "I'm going to stay here with the family. You'd better save yourselves."

Meek had a garden behind his house, and to keep it growing through the hot weather he had gathered several barrels of water. He put his wife, two children and mother-in-law down behind the barrels and covered them with blankets. The assayer decided to run. The other two men stayed and together they managed to keep themselves and the blankets wet. They all survived. The assayer was found a few hundred yards from the house where he had collapsed and died in the heat.

Trivialities Brought Death

In South Porcupine it was chaos. Shortly before the first houses caught fire panic had swept in on the hot, fierce wind. "It all resolved itself into a matter of dying decently," a survivor said later. Everybody headed for the lake. Women screamed. The horses, crazed by the heat and flames, caused havoc among those who had taken to the water as they rushed back into the flaming town. Men's minds turned in an instant, and they too rushed back into the flames—and certain death—for trivial things, for a watch, or a coat.

Just before the last boat left a woman came onto the dock with three suitcases, a fur coat and a canary. Eager hands reached out to help her. They put the woman into the boat, and the three suitcases and the fur coat and the canary into the lake. Tears and a tantrum were unimpressive against that angry sky.

Two men, nameless after forty years, liked the performance Miss Virginia Earle and her partner, Miss Neal, had been giving in the local vaudeville hall for several nights previous to that black Tuesday. They tried to save Miss Earle's pride—her harp. But it was too much and they found the harp later, a twisted lump of metal and wire in the middle of the road a hundred yards from the lake.

Billy Gohr did all he could to save his store. For a while he had the help of two of his employees, Matt Smith and Rosaire Bourbeau. They passed

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him buckets of water but the wind increased and the whole sky darkened until it was as black as night. His helpers turned to flee.

Rosaire described the scene for a reporter:

"Come down, come down, Billy Gohr," I says. "It's no use, it's no use, come down quick!" He told me to pass the water. I did not pass the water any more. Smith had taken all the money from the bar and run alongside me toward the street. He fell. I had my own life to save. I was stronger than Smith and I passed over that place. I put my handkerchief over my head and hurried. I had my life to save if I could. I pass through the fire between Charley House and the Finns. I breathe the hot air and I fall. I did not think. I of instinct put my handkerchief over my mouth and run behind the houses. I drop twice. It is so dark I don't know where's the lake. I see a street blazing and I says I will go. I see the horses galloping there and I pass through the fire. I say I do not want to stay there, I would sooner drown than burn in the fire. I throw myself at the lake on my hands and knees and try to wet myself in the water but it is too shallow. I crawl out into the lake and go for deep water. We find them the next day. Seven dollars and sixty cents of Billy Gohr's bar where Smith is dead. The dollar bills is all burned up."

Mrs. Billy Gohr had stood with her baby in her arms, first at the edge of the dock, and then on the dock, and then for hours in the water, waiting for Billy to come.

"Won't you get into a boat, Mrs. Gohr," George Murray had said earlier. "It's getting pretty bad. He'll come later."

"I'll just wait for Billy," she replied. Billy never came.

"... Or We're Goners!"

James Forsyth, a South African, had already been burned out of business in 1910 in Cochrane. He went to the Porcupine and set up a mine and claim trading business with Tom Geddes, one of the original discoverers of the Camp. The two men did their best to save their office that day, carting buckets of water from a hole a few hundred yards away.

Shortly after one o'clock the fire hit the town in full force. Above the roar of the wind and flames Forsyth heard Geddes shouting at him. He looked around and saw it coming: a wall of flame climbing a hundred feet in the air, sweeping in on the town.

"For God's sake come on," Geddes yelled, "or we're goners!"

Forsyth ran into the office and scooped up his dog, Toddy, and a cage of English canaries he'd bought for his wife from a traveling salesman only a few days earlier. Then the two ran for the lake. They hadn't gone twenty yards when Tom Geddes stopped.

"I'm going back for my coat," he said.

"Don't be a damned fool..." Forsyth shouted, but the other was gone and his words were lost in the roar.

When the fire was over James Forsyth went back and found what was left of Geddes near where the counter of the building had been. The remains fitted into a shirt box.

Forsyth had reached the lake. The fire sucked the oxygen out of the air so that to breathe men had to get on their hands and knees and crawl with their faces close to the ground. They were joined in those last desperate yards by the animals. At different places there were rabbits, deer, even the occasional bear.

Overhead the wind and flames combined in a roar that struck terror into the heart. Yet above the noise rose the screams of the women, and the pitiful neighing of the horses.

Out in the lake the high waves added to the confusion, swamping boats, and making it difficult to keep hold of logs and planks. Rosie, "the Porcupine Laundress," got out into the lake, wading in until the water came to her neck, sinking with each step into the soft black ooze that formed the bottom. She was terrified, screaming and sobbing, closer to death from her own fear than from waves or fire or muck. Two Scots miners went by in a canoe and with that chivalry for which the race has always been noted, leaped from the canoe and supported the woman. To pass the time they sang hymns and

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Crosswalks mark streets where walkers cross

Yet cars cross crosswalks too.

In fact when walkers try to cross

At lights they can't get through.

This makes the walkers cross outside, Cross inside, too, at those who ride.

DON MARSHALL

Scots folk songs. Rosie and her miners survived.

Billy Moore, young, handsome, fun-loving, was a popular man in the Camp. With four companions he had gone to Vesty Kennedy's to see what could be done about a boat. Kennedy told them he had some canoes but no paddles. They took a canoe and piled into it, grabbing a board to use as a paddle. They were just about to put out when a gang of men rushed for the canoe, clamoring to get in.

Moore patiently reasoned with them until they went away. They got only a few feet from shore when a barber named Straine waded out into the water.

"My God, I can't swim," Straine cried. "Please take me along, and if you can't do that at least let me hang on the back. But for God's sake don't leave me behind or I'm done for!" The men hesitated.

"Get in," Billy Moore said. They pushed off again. The waves were too much for the overloaded canoe and it capsized in deep water. Moore, clinging to the board, saw one of his companions, McMurrick, struggling in the water.

"Here, use this," Moore said, throwing him the board.

Billy Moore and the barber both drowned.

The fire swept into the town and out over the lake. Twenty minutes after the first building caught fire the entire town was burning. The heat was so intense that it literally roasted the backs of the horses where they stuck up out of the water. Those standing in the lake, continually ducking their heads to escape the suffocating air above, were numbed by the coldness of the spring-fed water. For a while you couldn't see ten feet in the smoke. High above, the noonday sun was a small blob, blood-red against the black of the sky.

They kept the launches shuttling between South End and Golden City as long as possible, though there were charges later that some operators had put water in their gasoline so they would not have to make another trip to South End. One man sank his boat because he was too terrified to attempt

that mile and a half of tossing water again.

At one-forty a car of dynamite on a siding near South Porcupine exploded. It was loaded with three hundred and fifty cases of dynamite and five hundred kegs of powder. It might have had disastrous effect but the siding was built across a swamp and the soft earth absorbed most of the shock. As it was the explosion sent a tidal wave across the lake that swamped canoes and launches which had managed to weather the waves. It broke every pane of glass in Golden City, more than a mile away, and tore up both siding and mainline for three hundred feet leaving a gaping hole fifteen feet deep and fifty feet in diameter.

South Porcupine was gone. Pottsville was next. Golden City was in great danger. Sitting at the end of the lake where it was protected from the direct onslaught of the fire, with an extensive swamp on one side and Pottsville with its previously burned out strip on the other, Golden City survived. Charlie Piercy was the hero of the day: with Jack Munroe, a prize fighter who had beaten Tom Sharkey in his time, he rounded up every able-bodied man in the town, closing the saloons, urging the men on, until he had a bucket brigade that managed to stop what fire did get in, just as it was eating into the business section.

Afterward wild stories circulated about these two. Piercy was supposed to have walked through the town brandishing two six-guns and "calling for volunteers to fight fire." They managed without the six-guns.

Guns were used. Over at Aura Lake the postmaster, Dayton Ostrosser, convinced some men who had hijacked his canoe of their folly—with a revolver. There were three post offices in the camp but the only piece of equipment they saved was one date stamp that was used next day to send out letters—and birchbark post cards. The first mail went out in oat sacks, since all the mailbags had been burned in the fire.

It took about five hours to burn the Porcupine to the ground. Not a building was left standing in South Porcupine or Pottsville. Eleven mining properties were leveled. In the towns the only things left standing were the misshapen humps of the icehouses where the buildings had burned away leaving the ice in a mantle of wet sawdust. An occasional telephone pole stuck up above the bare ground, shorn of its wires.

Scorched to the Ground

Creeks had dried up, swamps were lowered. Lake Porcupine itself showed that the fire had burned off pilings seven and eight inches below the normal level of the lake. There were places where eighteen inches of muskeg had been removed by fire. Men found watches that were lumps of metal, some still showing the time, but the works fused in a piece. The local shoemaker, C. A. Culbert, had buried his patching machine in the shallow water at the edge of the lake and when he recovered it the wooden frame had burned away. Many had put their valuables or their clothes in the ground only to find the fire had reduced them to ashes. Everywhere the land showed the bare rock, with the overburden of moss and humus scorched off.

It was days before the death toll was compiled. In the early panic and confusion, with communication cut off, fantastic rumors slipped out of the north—some estimates went as high as two thousand. The official figure, released several weeks later, was seventy-three. But it has always been questioned. The lake was dynamited

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for bodies. The woods had been full of prospectors, as the Camp had been full of men who had no friends to miss them. Ostrosser, the Aura Lake postmaster, claimed a great many letters after the fire were never called for or delivered. Men blowing bugles searched the woods seeking any who had been injured or burned but still lived.

On the evening of July 11 the Porcupine was a smoldering graveyard. On the morning of July 12 the first tents of the new Porcupine were already up. The railroad which had been in service for only eleven days took out those who wanted to leave—twelve hundred in the first week—and wasn't too fussy about paid fares. It brought in the relief supplies, the food, blankets, tents, medical equipment. Within days it had begun to deliver the materials to rebuild the mines and the towns. The stock market dipped, but recovered in a few days.

It rained toward the week end—a heavy, steady downpour that wet (ow) the country and put an end to the fires. On Sunday the dead that had not been sent home were buried.

This raw, young mining community had not had much experience with death. There was only one graveyard, on Edwards Point, and in it prior to the fire there had been but one grave, that of a young French Canadian named Mimault who had died the previous year. Edwards Point was a gentle point of land that pushed out into Lake Porcupine almost midway between Golden City and South End. The point was one of the few parts of the district that had not burned, and its trees offered a contrast with the stark land across the lake.

No Need for Monuments

On Sunday a strange procession moved across the lake as seventeen bodies were taken to the cemetery. Then the point was renamed. They called it Deadmans Point.

Today among the few monuments on Deadmans Point only two are substantial enough to withstand many northern winters. One, erected by those who live "down below," is an eight foot piece of grey granite. Chiseled deep in its face are these words:

ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS
OF CANADA THROUGH THE
NORTHERN ONTARIO RE-
LIEF COMMITTEE OF THE
BOARD OF TRADE OF THE
CITY OF TORONTO TO THE
MEMORY OF THOSE WHO
SUFFERED AND LOST THEIR
LIVES IN THE GREAT HOLO-
CAUST THAT SWEEPED THIS
DISTRICT
JULY 11, 1911

The other monument is simpler. A couple of years after the fire an American hunted out Jack Easton who had helped prepare the bodies of the victims. Easton showed him where the bodies of the Weiss family were buried and on the American's instructions he had Tom Strain lay a great slab of concrete a foot thick and eight feet square over the grave. Embedded in it is a copper plate with the names of Bob Weiss, his wife and his child riveted on it.

The men of the Porcupine erected no monuments. At first they were too busy putting up the buildings for the new towns. And then they were too busy building mine shafts, whose tin roofs pointed to the sky and whose insides dropped into the earth for gold.

And by then they had built the Porcupine, and the need for monuments was past. ★

How to Win an Argument

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

unnecessary? Or that he doesn't believe they are entitled to share equal rights with men? Or does he mean he just doesn't believe them? You'll win this one just sitting back watching him untangle himself.

The same thing applies to clichés, which have no place in a discussion, unless it's between politicians, who couldn't exist without them. If somebody says, "I have faith in the youth of this country," and sits there chuckling and polishing his halo, ask him if he means that they will grow older. Or that the ratio of hoodlums will be no worse in 1980 than it is now. Or just what he does mean?

In other words, define your terms and make sure everyone else does. A lot more time could be spent in search of truth if people didn't waste so much time parrying, thrusting, thrashing around and loading little remarks with rocks, only to discover when the girls are serving coffee and it's almost time to go home that everybody thinks you've been arguing about something else.

Words aren't nearly the precise instruments we think they are. To get anywhere with them we have to make sure we are using them the same way. I recently got into an argument before breakfast with my nine-year-old daughter over telling her that she should blow up her bicycle tires on her way to school. It was five minutes later while I was bent double, as if peering into a low shelf, shouting into her little red, wet face that it dawned on me that she thought I meant to blow them up the way you blow up a bridge.

Most concepts aren't as easily pried out of their little mental holes. It takes a bit of patience, something seldom used in arguments. A few weeks ago I sat in on an argument between two women who not only didn't define what they were arguing about but couldn't even seem to define whom they were arguing with, due to a hair-raising technique of answering one another by laughing merrily and talking to someone else.

Another time I saw two ex-Havergal classmates break up for three weeks because one of them said she'd never seen any snow in Florida. The other said, why, she'd seen pictures of snow in Florida. It turned out that one was talking about a town just north of Miami where she had stayed for two weeks in March 1953, and the other was talking about Fort Sandspur, three hundred miles north, and a storm there in December 1949. On top of all this they kept calling one another "dear," confusing things all the more.

"Oh, no, dear," one would say, smiling gently. "Toronto got more snow than we did at Flamingo Gables. After all, we got the newspapers you kept sending us showing all that snow."

"Oh, no, dear," the other would say, "that was two years ago, before the Gulf Stream curved into Canada."

"But, dear, don't you remember the snapshots you sent? Little Sandra was just two years old and the snow came right over her pigtail."

"I'm sure, dear, that was the year before when all the oranges froze in St. Augustine. It was cold all over. And it wasn't Sandra. That was Daphne and she is only two feet high."

"Oh, no, dear, surely I know your children apart by this time. Perhaps you didn't have your glasses on, dear."

"Well, dear, I'm forty years old and

I haven't got used to being called a short-sighted old bat yet."

"Wh-h-h-h-h-ell! dearie, if it comes to that I'm only forty-one and let me tell you, I knew your children when they were having their first temper tantrums."

If one of the guys looked around and said, "What's the argument about, girls?" they'd snap around with flushed faces as if they'd been out on a ski slope and say together:

"Argument? We're not having an argument. We're just having a friendly discussion."

Another way to win a lot of arguments is not to get into them in the first place. You don't have to prove everything to make life bearable. Let the other guy do it; when it's all over, he'll be sitting with a great awkward victory in his lap while you'll be sitting there friends with everybody and feeling fine. This applies particularly to those arguments where everybody automatically takes a stand on everything, whether they believe it or not. This may be good exercise but the big winner is the one who just went on eating sandwiches. Besides, proving that nonsense is the truth has all been done before. The Sophists proved that you are your own father; that you are what you are and are not what you are, all at the same time; Zeno proved that movement is impossible, and it has been proved by irrefutable logic that the guy you're arguing with doesn't really exist anyway, so why bother arguing with him?

Scrubbed Like a Dog

Another way to win an argument is to assume that something your opponent said is true. This incidentally has tremendous surprise value and not only makes everyone feel better but gives you a chance to do something besides sitting there smiling ironically at all the other guy's speeches. For instance you can start to build a reasonable argument for your case, starting with his point.

Few of us use reason this way; we try to scrub our opponents with reason the way we give a dog a bath and it ends about the same way, with everyone chasing the wet soap around reference libraries and dictionaries and pretending they don't hear one another.

I know one guy named Harry who just keeps smiling, nodding and pulling at his pipe stem as if he's trying to tie up a trout fly. He'll find himself saying that the last ice age took place just before Queen Victoria. Next night somebody walks six blocks and takes a bus to a library and looks it up in an encyclopedia and finds that the glaciers began to go back about twenty thousand years ago. He bares his teeth

with the pure joy of scientific research and looks up smiling with such emotion that the librarian nearly swoons.

Next day he meets old Harry and says, "By the way, I just happened to be in a library last night and happened to open a book that happened to be about ice ages and I see that the last one has been over for about twenty thousand years."

Harry smiles, nods and pulls at his pipe. He looks as if he's wondering what the guy is going to do now to wriggle out of it.

"TWENTY THOUSAND years ago," the guy points out, his cheeks growing rosy. "Quite a difference from a HUNDRED, Heh! Heh!"

"I knew it was quite a while ago," Harry says coolly, "I wasn't quite sure of the date."

Which brings up another point; there's really no basis for believing that the faster you give your answers the more truth they contain. In fact, once you start this, you're soon paying more attention to your speed than what you're saying.

A slow answer is just as apt to be true as a fast one. There is really no defeat in sitting there thinking for a minute in silence, providing you didn't start off by pretending you didn't have to think. On the other hand if you move too fast you're likely to run into trouble.

I remember one time I ran right up to my knees in the statement that Aristotle invented radio. At least, afterward everyone said that's what I said although I was snapping my answers at my toes and I didn't notice what the other people in the room were doing. They could have been slipping one another notes.

One character I know uses this every now and then to work me in close to the net. He just keeps talking faster and faster, diverting me with a peculiar quick brittle laugh and snapping, "Right or wrong?"

"Right!" I bark.

"Money isn't everything. Right?"

"Right!"

"A man has to consider others.

Right?"

"Right!"

"He has to consider animals too.

Right?"

"Right!"

We get going "right? ... right! ... right or wrong? ... so fast that I begin to close my eyes a bit as if I am getting my neck rubbed. Then when everyone else in the room has stopped talking, he shouts:

"Well, as far as I'm concerned I can't see anything funny about kicking dogs."

Or he'll say, "Then if what you say is true, George here"—he looks over at somebody who hasn't been saying anything—"must have got his job by

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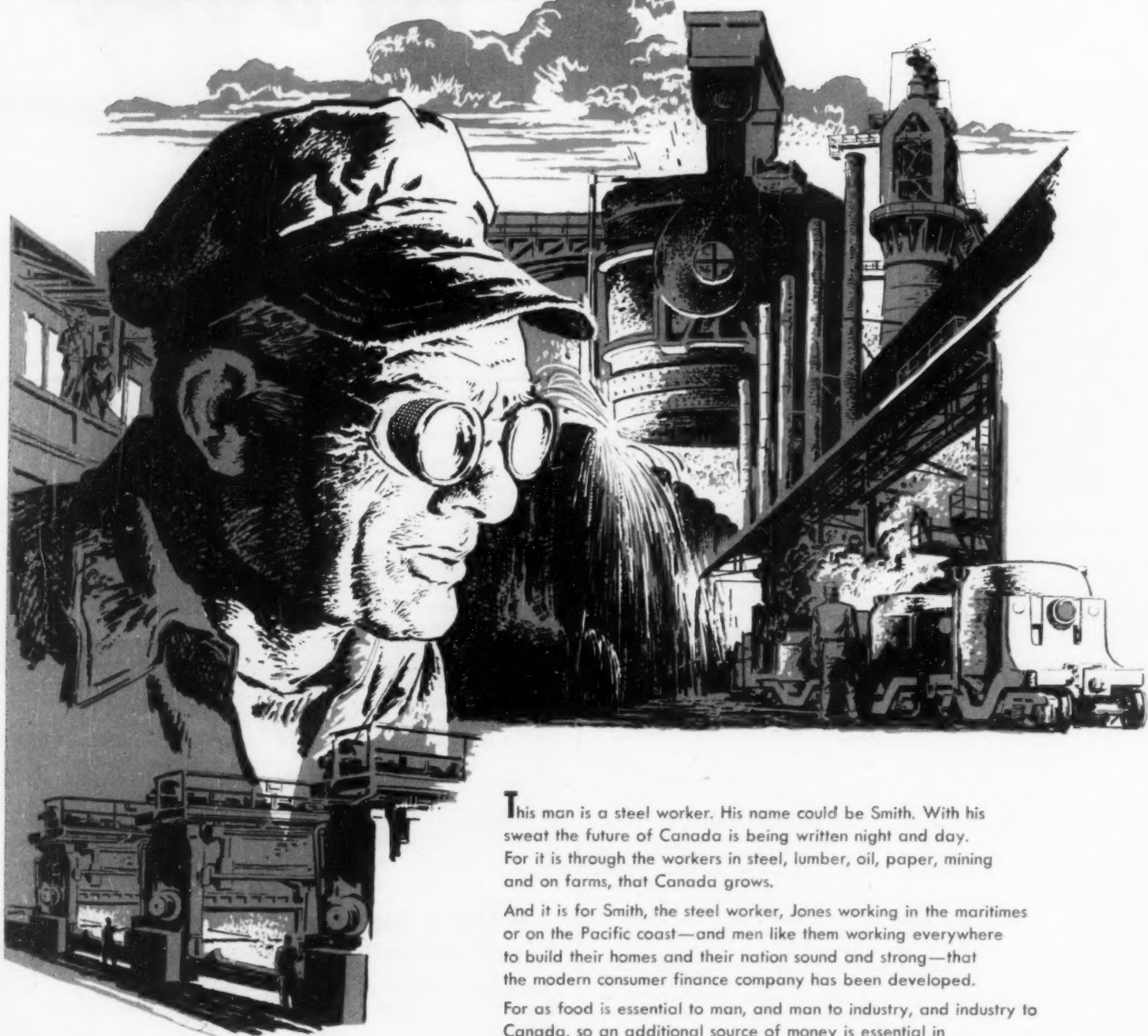
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cissing the boss' foot." George glares. This guy plays doubles with his wife. I'll say something about the future of child psychology. From somewhere down near the other end of the room his wife will shout "HO! Listen to him!"

I whip around, lips drawn, facts ready and find that she is talking to my wife. I turn back to her husband, make another statement and hear her give a spine-chilling laugh. When I turn to tackle her again she is sitting sidesaddle showing my wife her permanent and saying, "Next time I'll get him to lacquer the ends."

By this time her husband is snapping, "Well, I guess I'm old-fashioned but I still don't believe that children should be left out on the street till three in the morning."

Never use a trick to win an argument. First, even if it works, it doesn't prove anything except that you're tricky which is a long way from being right and in the long run isn't very satisfying. Second, sooner or later you'll get involved with someone trickier than you.

I know one big deep-voiced man with magnificent control of his facial expressions who can convince a whole roomful of people that you should go back to night school, just by making his eyes twinkle at someone over your head.

If you still keep swinging he drops a couple of heavy books on you. He'll ask, "Ever read Whither Europe?"

"Nope," you say to the knot of his tie, frowning a bit, as if he's interrupted your train of thought. "The point is—"

"What? Never read Whither Europe?" he says with a kindly but puzzled frown. "Well, have you ever read Asia Undone?"

You give the smallest little shake of your head, implying that you haven't time for comic strips.

By this time everyone has stopped talking to see what else you haven't read.

He can manoeuvre you into such a position with this trick that he can flatten you by asking if you've read somebody's spring and summer seed catalogue.

Ear-Splitting Silences

The whole trouble is that we all secretly feel we can straighten out a lot of the world's troubles with little logical rim wrenches with which we try to change mental tires and fix flats in other people's heads, giving all the nuts a firm twist so they'll face the right way. The idea is encouraged by radio panels, forums and open discussions where instead of snarling wait-a-minute - now - JUST - a - minute - till - I-get-a-word-in-edgewise and throwing lamps at one another, they have a referee and softly sandbag one another with culture and quotations. It all reminds us somehow of Greece and the dawn of reason.

But Socrates was more concerned with the truth than winning an argument. Proving someone wrong is not an objective that leads to the harmony and enlightenment of man. What it leads to is everyone peering at their olives and making little remarks about business being a bit slow lately. Sometimes the silence that follows putting somebody right is worse than leaving them the way they were. I know because I created one of the most profound silences known to man once at a family reunion.

I'd been studying logic but evidently I hadn't gone quite far enough with it. Either that or I'd gone too far. I had a book by one of the most confused men I've ever run across. It had an introduction by someone who had evidently left the author's manuscript

on a streetcar and had written an introduction to the wrong book. It was full of little footnotes referring me to some book I couldn't find. The whole thing was like trying to figure out a signpost lying in a ditch.

But I didn't realize this at the time. I used to try it out happily on my wife.

"Look," I'd yelp, "you say A is one reason, admit that it doesn't exist, then you prove B exists because it depends on A—an equivocal enthymeme if I ever heard one."

My wife would slip a minor premise under me and set fire to it. "That housecoat of yours looks as if you'd been stopping up leaks in oil drums with it," she'd say.

But I got the idea that logical reason was the greatest boon to mankind. I decided to put it to work at this family reunion by paring down to its fundamentals a remark made by an aunt of mine from Syracuse about Canadian universities.

I can't report the logical sequence of events but I must have used a syllogism with a loose pinion gear somewhere because I can remember sitting there amid a general uproar, pursing my lips patiently and saying "No-o-o-o, what I *did* say was that if we're going to put people in prison for going to university we'll have to wait six years." I remember particularly one little old lady on my father's side. Every time I'd close my eyes in martyr-like patience and say, "Please define your terms," she'd say: "Oh shut up, you fat thing."

It was followed by one of the greatest silences I've ever heard and I hope I'll never hear another. Nobody in the past four generations was talking to one another. To make it worse this argument had started after we'd pulled our crackers and we were all wearing little tissue-paper hats in the shape of castles.

Occasionally somebody would try to pull the family together again by suddenly shouting, "Seen George lately?" and somebody else would shout hysterically, "NO, I HAVEN'T," and slip self-consciously back into smiling at the turkey. Or someone would turn to my wife and say for no reason at all, "How are your feet, dear?" One pink-faced old gentleman turned to a little girl who had said grace and tickled her till she retched, and my wife frantically poured tea into everything but the centrepiece.

I remember thinking this was a poor end to a venture into pure reason, recalling Aristotle, and saying calmly to somebody's sister-in-law, "The whole trouble is we're calling A, B and B, C!" She burst out crying. I probably would have been going yet, from premise to premise, if my wife hadn't got me out into the kitchen and hissed, "Have you gone out of your mind? Will you stop it before you drive everybody crazy?"

I've seen a lot of queer arguments in my day, including one where a woman talked breathlessly for a solid hour, saying things like we had to admit that Russia had degenerated from an endemic system of agrarian morality to a neo-communal dictatorial oligarchy with onions, while people desperately trying to stop her turned on the television, went home, served coffee and generally tried to change the subject.

Which isn't a bad idea. According to the very latest findings of science, all existence began as a continuous gas, and I can see no reason to doubt it, or that it will end the same way if we don't stop arguing. Anyway, it's my belief that nobody has ever changed his mind because of an argument since the world began. But I'm not going to argue about it. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

were marshaled to vote as one man for MacDougall's shelving motion. The relieved and delighted Conservatives voted against it with hoots of joy. Liberals believe it was because of his personal embarrassment on that occasion, more than for any other reason, that Arsenault returned to the attack a few days later with a private bill directing the Secretary of State to choose an appropriate design for a distinctive national flag.

IF PICKERSGILL wanted to choose a design he'd have plenty to choose from. More than three thousand have been submitted to the government since the first "flag committee" was set up back in 1925. Twenty-six hundred and ninety-five designs were in hand by the time the 1946 committee packed up and more have been coming in ever since.

Antoine Chassé, a House of Commons committee clerk, was secretary of the 1946 committee; he has the job of sending back the suggestions which still trickle in at the rate of about one a month. Of the four hundred and fifty-odd designs that have come in since the 1946 committee finished its work, two have so impressed Chassé that he hasn't sent them back. One is a design by the well-known painter Thoreau MacDonald, a stylized red maple leaf on a dark blue ground with ten white stars ranged around the centred leaf. The other, a more complicated arrangement of crosses and coats of arms in red, white, blue and gold, was sent in by Richard Hanson, of Windsor, Ont. Chassé seems to hope that somehow, some time, the government or another parliamentary committee will consider them.

He of all people ought to know how vain his hope is. Not only these two, but all the twenty-seven hundred that were solemnly exhibited and inspected by the flag committee of 1946, were never anything but window dressing.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King had decided, even before the flag committee was set up, what design he wanted for a Canadian flag. It was to be the Red Ensign, like the one which now flies from the Peace Tower, except that instead of the Canadian coat of arms it would have a large golden maple leaf in the fly.

Walter Harris, now the rising star of the cabinet but then an obscure and green backbencher, was chairman of the flag committee. It was his first big job—to make sure that the committee should recommend the flag design that Mackenzie King had picked out in advance.

Harris did his job to the queen's, or rather to King's, taste. It was unfortunate that the only Red Ensign with gold maple leaf turned out to be a crude piece of free-hand drawing, colored in crayon, but that difficulty was surmounted by having an official artist do official versions, uniform in size, of all the most popular designs. The committee wasn't unanimous (no flag committee ever was in this country, or ever is likely to be) but the majority of fifteen loyally plumped for the Prime Minister's flag.

When the committee's report went to parliament, though, King was the first to perceive that the debate was certain to damage the unity which a flag is intended to create. The report was shelved, the question dropped, and Canada's national flag is still what it was before.

THAT DOES NOT MEAN, as many Canadians seem to think, that there is no official Canadian flag. On Sept. 5,

1945, an order-in-council of the Mackenzie King Cabinet proclaimed that "the distinctive national flag of Canada" should be the Red Ensign with the Canadian coat of arms in the fly, "until parliament otherwise decides."

It's true that the "distinctive" quality of the Red Ensign is open to some question. Varied only by badges in the fly which are indistinguishable a few yards away, the Red Ensign is flown by merchant ships of Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Cyprus, Tanganyika, Somaliland, Papua and Western Samoa. Until India became independent and abolished the Indian princely states, it was the flag of the Indian principalities of Baroda, Cambay, Janjira and Cutch. Flown on land, it also signifies the presence of the British Resident of Zanzibar.

However, in spite of all these duplications, the Red Ensign has been "our flag" to a great many Canadians almost since Canada became a nation.

Shortly after Confederation, Canadian sea captains began sewing the Canadian coat of arms on the Red Ensign to distinguish themselves from the British. The Admiralty didn't like this at all. It sent nasty notes to Canada, via the Colonial Office, pointing out that "the Ensign without any badge" was proper wear for "colonial ships."

Alexander Mackenzie was Prime Minister of Canada when the first Admiralty protest was received; he ignored it, and so did Canadian sea captains. Eventually the Admiralty got the British parliament to pass an Imperial statute to enforce its stand. Ships "belonging to any subject of Her Majesty" were required to fly the Red Ensign "without any defacement."

Sir John A. Macdonald was indignant. After heated protests to London, his Government issued a Canadian order-in-council authorizing the use of the Canadian coat of arms on the Canadian Red Ensign. Finally, in 1892, the Admiralty gave in and issued its formal warrant to the same effect.

That would have been the end of the story but for Sir Joseph Pope, undersecretary of state in the days of Laurier, and a great Empire man. Without authority from anyone Pope instructed the deputy minister of Public Works in 1902 to buy a Union Jack instead of the customary Canadian Ensign to be flown over the parliament buildings.

It took Canada forty-two years after that to get back to where Sir John A. Macdonald had left us when he died in 1892.

Nothing happened at all until 1923 when the first Mackenzie King Government declared by order-in-council that the Canadian Red Ensign should be flown on Canadian public buildings abroad. (At home they still flew the Union Jack.) In 1925 the first "flag committee" failed, as its successor was to do twenty-one years later, and the matter was dropped.

IT DIDN'T COME UP again until 1944 when another Mackenzie King Government proclaimed that the Canadian Red Ensign should be Canada's battle flag, borne by the troops on D Day and after.

On VE Day the following year came another occasion when the issue was almost settled. Prime Minister King was in San Francisco preparing a broadcast to the Canadian people. He thought he should put in something about the flag.

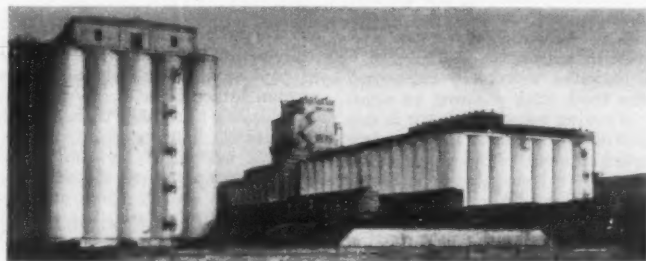
Jack Pickersgill, then special assistant to the Prime Minister, asked, "Why don't you tell the people this is Canada's national flag, and have done with the argument about it?"

Alas, he was too blunt. People who have read Mackenzie King's diary report that on that day King recorded the incident with the comment that he wasn't going to have such a delicate matter settled by a brash young secretary. Instead he contented himself for the moment with authorizing the use of Canada's battle flag on the Peace Tower and on other public buildings at home as well as abroad.

Four months later came the order-in-council which did proclaim the Red Ensign our distinctive national flag, but only "until parliament otherwise decides." When the matter came up in the House that autumn Progressive Conservative Leader John Bracken moved an amendment to the effect that the same old Red Ensign with the Canadian coat of arms should be declared our national flag for good and all—another opportunity of disposing of the question, for at that time the Quebec "Drapeau National" movement wasn't even organized. If the Mackenzie King Government had accepted Bracken's amendment the House might have endorsed it unanimously.

But the Speaker ruled Bracken's amendment out of order, the flag committee launched its poster contest and the squabble was on all over again. There is no present indication that it will be settled in the near future. But at least, if the Liberals can keep their own mavericks in line, no more art will be poured in the wound this winter. ★

IN THE NEXT ISSUE



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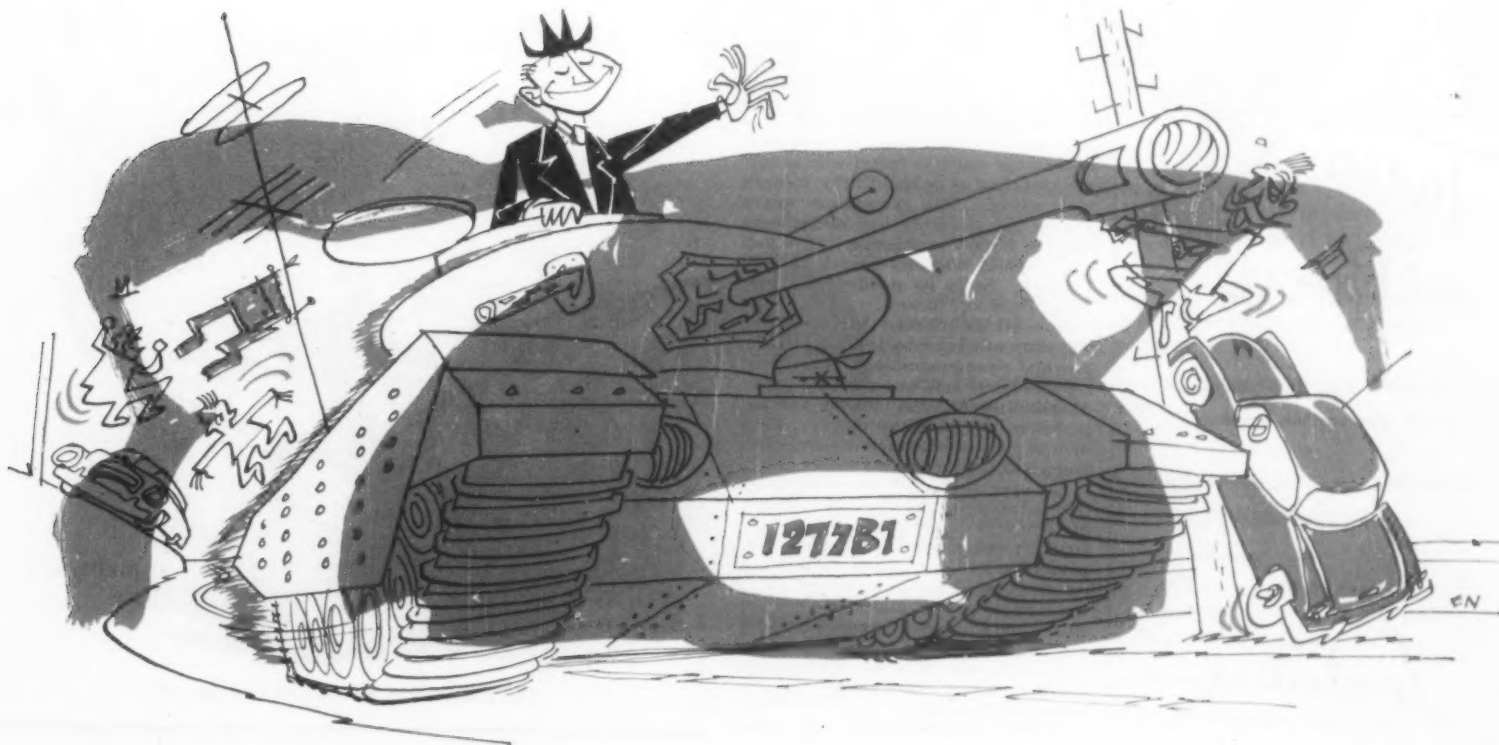
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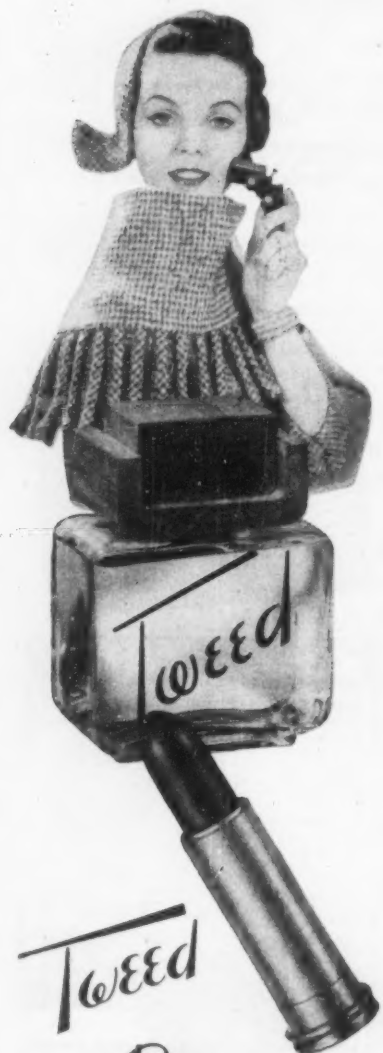
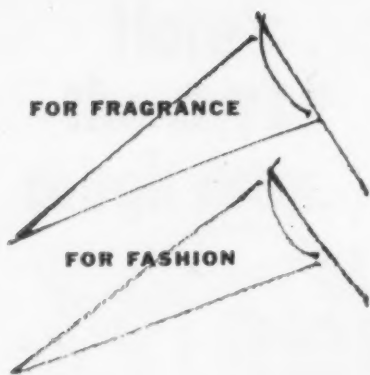
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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

cannot be made up of kings and wars.

Undoubtedly we learned in due course that Wolfe captured Quebec from the French although he would rather have written Gray's Elegy. But were we given the history of Canada with its gradual progression from colonial to dominion status? My memory is that, broadly speaking, Canada was not on the curriculum.

Educational experts might retort with some logic that it does not matter much what boys and girls learn at school providing they go through the process of learning. Youngsters in the junior forms at high-school age have not found their feet nor their direction. The faithful faculty must go on training their minds in the hope that the boys and girls will find what interests them most and where they can excel. In crowded classrooms, it is impossible to concentrate on each scholar. Inevitably the brighter ones are discovered although later in life they may be passed in the race by some who were the sluggards and dullards.

There have undoubtedly been great advances in the science of teaching and when next I visit Canada I shall report to the principal at Harbord and ask permission to attend some of the classes providing I am not asked any technical questions. Yet one wonders if there are not some subjects which need an entirely new approach.

Take French for example — and French is an official language in Canada. How many Canadian high-school scholars can speak French when they leave? Perhaps there are a large number but it was not so in my time. We were taught all about French irregular verbs. We were taught that some words were masculine and others feminine. We were taught everything except how to make conversation in French.

In 1946 amid the ruins of Berlin I visited a girls' school. A perfect Brunnhilde of a woman was going to take the "English hour" with pupils averaging from thirteen to fifteen. In that entire hour not one word of German was spoken.

"Spik Anglich!" boomed Brunnhilde. "Always you spik Anglich!" It was not elegant English we heard nor was it always grammatical but it was understandable to British ears. And the improvement at the end of the hour was simply phenomenal.

In my Canadian tour last summer I met an old wartime friend who is now the principal of a beautifully modern high school. The gymnasium was a dream, the assembly hall magnificent and the library impressive. "Are you still teaching irregular French verbs?" I asked. Sadly he nodded his head. "I'm afraid so," he said.

Now let us consider the matter of elocution which has to do with enunciation and voice production. Of all living creatures only man was given the power of speech even if the monkey and the parrot may make false claims. To a man as well as a woman an attractive voice is an asset beyond pearls.

No one would try to be a singer without studying the physical processes by which a tone is created in the larynx, passes through the open throat, gathers color and depth in the air cavities of the head, gains resonance on the bridge of the nose and the hard palate and has words imposed on it by the lips as it leaves the mouth. The only difference between singing and speaking is that the tone is more sustained by the singer.

English is the richest and most

beautiful of all languages. Shakespeare is acted in many tongues but it is only in English that his full glory can be achieved. "Speak," said Dr. Johnson to a new acquaintance, "so that I may know what you are."

Canadians do not have to wend their way through a myriad of accents like the British. Canadians should have the richest voices in the world, but like singers they would have to start young. Undoubtedly at Harbord in my time we were made to read aloud but without any real attempt at voice production. Perhaps the science of speech is more advanced in the Canadian schools of today.

To return to Harbord Collegiate let me make the abject confession that I was no good at anything except Latin and literature. Euclid remained a complete blank but the versatility of x in algebra roused a passing interest in my breast. When it came to arithmetic I found that like Stephen Leacock I had a morbid curiosity as to why A ran faster than B while C was slower still.

There were no laurels for me in any direction. I tried for the rugby squad and ended up as spare man on Harbord's third team which was as low as one could go. My envy of the boy who played centre half on the first team was so great that I would have given my very hope of eternity to be in his place. Obviously one's ego becomes hungry at an early age.

Let me be perfectly frank: under any system of education I would have been an inglorious example to my fellow scholars. I was beginning to find even then that whether it was in music or writing or speaking I could only learn by teaching myself. It is a tribute to the Harbord faculty of that period that I left there at the age of fifteen with no sense of frustration or failure. A system that could achieve something positive out of so disappointing a pupil as myself must have had much to recommend it.

In spite of my father's righteous wrath—which was tempered by his kindness—I did not attempt to write my matriculation. I wanted to get a

job and earn some money. For better or worse I chose the university of practical experience rather than the cloisters and the campus.

THOSE YEARS from twelve to fifteen are more important and impressionable than we are apt to think. At Harbord Collegiate I learned that the female is an important part of the human race; I learned to reach school on time in spite of a congenital leaning toward unpunctuality; I was taught many things by teachers of both sexes who gave of their very best.

Ahead of us was the vast adventure of the New World with Canada as the Eldorado drawing the ambitious, the visionaries and the misfits of the Old World. Many times I would go down to the Union Station in Toronto and watch the CPR emigrant trains pause on their way to the distant prairies of the west. Their passengers had come from Holland, Germany, Britain and the Ukraine. I wondered if in the years ahead I would ever have a chance to see Europe or even the Canadian prairies. The world was so big in those days.

How could we know that in Sarajevo there was a boy named Princip, a boy who used to steal out at night and listen to Serbians talking rebellion against Austria? How could we know that in 1914 young Princip would fire a pistol shot that would send hundreds of thousands of men into uniform, tumbling dynasties into the dust, and calling on youth in every country to march the dusty road to death.

That was one thing that Harbord did not and could not teach us, because we threatened no one and Britain guarded us against the lust of lesser breeds. Today in Harbord Collegiate there must be a memorial of its honored dead in two world wars.

But because of the discipline of those formative years, because of the *esprit de corps* of schooldays, and perhaps because we were taught to think, we were better soldiers when our generation had to face the challenge of destiny. ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



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What Does God's Law Say— "BETWEEN The Lines?"

Few Christians will deny that the Ten Commandments are God's design for human conduct. Some Christians think that they are out-moded.

But how many know what they really mean?

"Thou shalt not steal," for example, obviously forbids robbery, burglary and embezzlement. What many evidently do not realize is that this Commandment also forbids evasion of just debts, bribery to gain political and business advantages, lending money at usurious rates, and other sharp practices which are often dishonestly excused as "smart business."

The Commandments speak only in broad, general terms. Their full meaning can be understood only in the light of the teaching of the New Testament. "I am the Lord, thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me," is taken by some to mean only that they must believe in a Supreme Being. Actually, it obliges us to prayer, gratitude, hope and worship, even though these words are not mentioned.

Most Christians agree that The Lord's Day must be kept holy. Yet there is a wide difference of opinion as to how this should be done...indeed, there is some disagreement as to when The Lord's Day should be observed.

When God said "Thou shalt not kill," He was not warning mankind merely against murder due to greed, lust or vengeance. He was telling us plainly that He, Who alone had the power to create human life, was reserving for Himself the right to take it away. And He made no exceptions for deliberate abortion and the so-called "mercy killings" which some Christians seek to justify today.

A wide variance of opinion also prevails as to the meaning of the Commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Some apparently



think this is a prohibition only against perjury in a courtroom. Actually, it is a warning against lies of all descriptions and all acts of commission and omission which injure the good name and reputation of another.

You hear people say, with smug assurance: "I keep the Commandments—that's enough." And it would indeed be enough if they truly understood what the Commandments require. But we must read "between the lines" if we are rightly to understand God's instructions and to live according to His design. If you want to be sure...if you want to refresh your mind on the true and full meaning of God's rules of life...write today for our free Pamphlet No. MM-12. It will be sent to you in a plain wrapper, and nobody will call on you.

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Grammar Is a Waste of Time

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

grammar is so ingrained that we are embarrassed and disconcerted when someone raises such a question. Children must learn grammar because otherwise they would grow up without having learned grammar; we must have standards of correctness in speech so that we can avoid grammatical errors. But the whole idea is completely illogical; the argument falls to pieces after five minutes of consecutive thought. And yet we all hang onto it for dear life as one of the mainstays of our educational system.

The study of English grammar was invented in England in the early eighteenth century. "Many of the writers on language," writes Professor Robert C. Pooley, of the University of Wisconsin, in his book *Teaching English Usage*, "were retired clergymen or country philosophers who, though possessing some skill in the classics, had no conception at all of the history of English or the methods of linguistic research... The prevailing conceptions of language were (1) that language is a divine institution, originally perfect, but debased by man; (2) that English is a corrupt and degenerate offspring of Latin and Greek... The actual usage of English was ignored or despised by all but one or two of the writers of this age."

"One of the most influential of the eighteenth-century writers on language was Bishop Lowth, whose *Short Introduction to English Grammar* appeared in 1762. In 1795 an American named Lindley Murray wrote a grammar, nearly all of which he copied from Lowth. Murray's book had sold more than one million copies in America before 1850. Murray's successors copied freely from his book, so that the direct influence of Lowth persisted well into the latter part of the nineteenth century."

In a speech in 1950 Pooley brought the issue up to date.

"The eighteenth-century tradition of English grammar continues almost unchanged," he said, "leaving an ever-widening gap between the sound conclusions of our linguistic scholars and the archaic method of teaching the structure of our language."

And that's where we are now. Having been brought up on the unscientific ideas of those eighteenth-century clergymen we fervently believe in good grammar and correct usage. An English teacher to us is someone who has drunk deep from the well of the laws and rules of language—strange and unfamiliar to ordinary mortals—and can show us how to mend our sinful ways. Poor infinitive-splitters all, we try to put our best foot forward and ask shyly whether punishment for saying "It's me" is still on the books.

Sometimes we write letters to newspaper editors or otherwise do our bit to uphold the grammar- and -usage dogmas.

Not long ago the Bacardi rum company announced in an ad that "a Bacardi old-fashioned contains less calories than a lamb chop, a Bacardi cocktail less calories than a boiled egg." Did people claim that the logic was specious or that the argument was immoral? Not at all. Instead they wrote in, in droves, that the copywriter should have said "fewer" instead of "less" and was corrupting the language of innocent school children, already endangered by exposure to television commercials and the comics.

And just recently the worship at the

shrine of the good Bishop Lowth produced an incredible comedy of errors—the kind of thing a fiction writer wouldn't dare to put into a story. One nice day in the spring of 1953 New York State Assemblyman Philip J. Schupler, a PhD and principal of the summer session of Brooklyn Preparatory School, was reading the State Surrogate Court Act of 1920. His eye fell upon the heading of Section 140. It read: "Who to be cited thereupon: contents of citation." Dr. Schupler shuddered. His soul cried out that the first word of the heading should be "whom." In the next session of the legislature he brought in a bill to change the indecently exposed "who" to a well-behaved "whom." The legislature of the State of New York voted. The bill was passed. In due course it came before Governor Thomas E. Dewey and was signed.

Newspapers reported the incident and after several weeks Schupler, the members of the New York State legislature, and Governor Dewey learned that they had all overlooked a small but essential piece of information: "Who to be cited" had been grammatically correct all the time, even by the standards of Bishop Lowth, who would never have dreamed of putting the subject of a passive verb in the objective case. At the expense of several hundred dollars the State of New York had created a grammatical error where there had been none before.

Can You Draw a Line?

The point I am driving at is that the study of correct grammar and usage is the oldest and most widely known of those mechanical, artificial, completely unscientific linguistic remedies that people grasp at when they feel at a loss for the right word. We have a vague feeling that we could do better in our speaking and writing; the first thing that comes to our minds is that we ought to do something quick to avoid making grammatical mistakes. So the most widely used "communication pills" are books and courses in "better English." And what do people get when they sign up for one of those courses? You guessed it: the heritage of the immortal Bishop Lowth. Whom for who, fewer for less, and all the rest of the eighteenth-century linguistic revelation.

Of course I don't mean to say that all grammar and usage being dispensed nowadays is of the Lowth variety. There has been progress, sparked by linguistic scholars and members of the scientifically oriented wing of the English teaching profession, led by such men as Robert C. Pooley, whom I quoted earlier, and Porter G. Perrin, author of the widely used college text, *Writer's Guide and Index to English*. Professor Perrin has also contributed excellent up-to-date usage notes to the Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary. Here's an example:

In formal English careful distinction is kept between the auxiliary "can" when it has the meaning of ability, "being able to," and "may" with the meaning of permission. "You may go now." "He can walk with crutches." "You may if you can..." In informal and colloquial English "may" occurs rather rarely except in the sense of possibility... "Can" is generally used for both permission and ability: "Can I go now?" "You can if you want to." "I can go eighty miles an hour with my car." This is in such general usage that it should be regarded as good English in speaking and informal writing.

The typical modern—or even ultra-modern—reference book gives you the Lowth type of grammar and usage side

by side with the grammar and usage you use yourself—or would use hadn't your impulse been checked by learning the "correct" way of saying things. You take your choice, those books tell you. In informal speaking and writing you go by your rules, in formal speech and writing by those of Bishop Lowth.

What does that mean? Where are you supposed to draw the line? What is formal, what is informal? If the decision is left to you, you probably figure that informal speech and writing is the kind of talking you do around the house, plus the note-to-the-milkman type of writing. Everything else, you suppose—talk and writing at the office and to strangers—must be the formal kind and that's where you have to use the "whom" and "may" type of language. That's tough, but you decide you'll do your best. Tomorrow morning you will start. You'll pick up the telephone and say: "With whom am I speaking? May I talk to Mr. Smith? Thanks a good deal."

But that isn't at all what modern English teachers have in mind. To them, formal and informal means something entirely different. Professor Perin's definition of informal English is:

Informal English is the typical language of an educated person going about his everyday affairs. It lies between the uncultivated level on one side and the more restricted formal level on the other. It is used not only for personal affairs but for most public affairs—of business and politics, for example, except in strictly legal matters—for most newspaper and magazine articles, for the bulk of fiction and drama, for a good deal of poetry. In the last generation or so it has come to dominate English writing, partly in reaction against the more elaborate style of the nineteenth century . . . Formal English is passed on chiefly through reading and so represents in many respects the usage and style of the preceding generation of writers; informal English lies closer to speech.

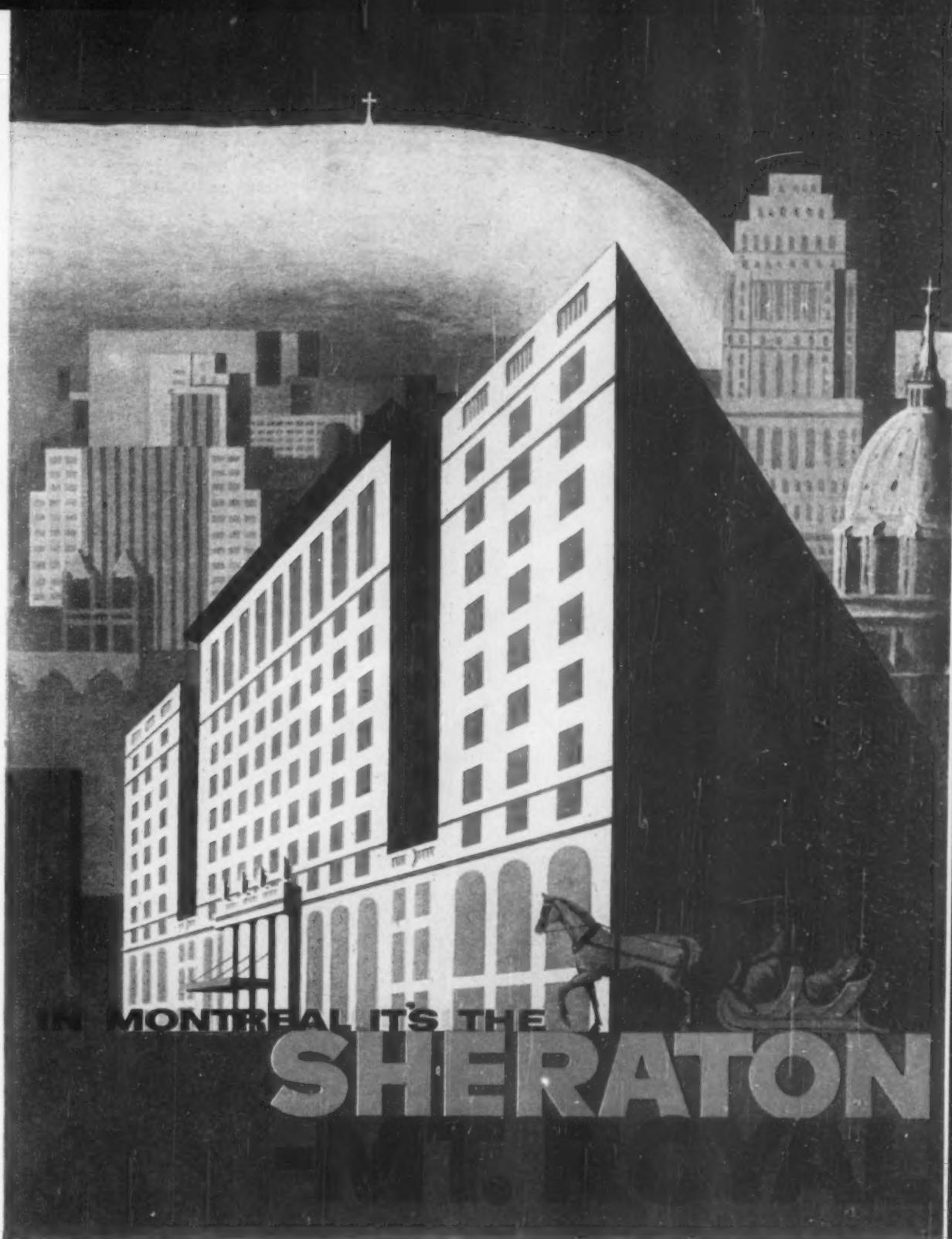
Which means, in plain words: informal English—your kind of English—is what you are supposed to use all the time; formal English—the Bishop Lowth kind—is of as much practical use to you as a top hat. You might as well forget it.

If that's so, why is all the information you get about up-to-date, scientifically acceptable usage carefully labeled "informal English," to be sharply distinguished from "formal English" where all the old rules apply in full force? Why is this useless, once-in-a-blue-moon language still being taught in even the most modern books? Why is Bishop Lowth's outmoded unscientific grammar and usage still being served up to all and sundry under the deceptive label "formal English"?

In October 1951 Professor Tom Burnam, of the Colorado State College of Education, finding himself again facing an English class filled to the brim with all the nonsense about "formal" English and its glories, exploded in the pages of *College English*, the official organ of the U. S. National Council of Teachers of English:

Most students are acquainted with two kinds of English: **real** English, the kind people they know use, and the other kind which a creature whom I call Miss Higginbotham tries to impose in the high-school classroom. This morning I asked my students, among whom are the usual "I-done-its" and "it-ain'ts," to tell me what they remembered most clearly of the English they had learned up to now.

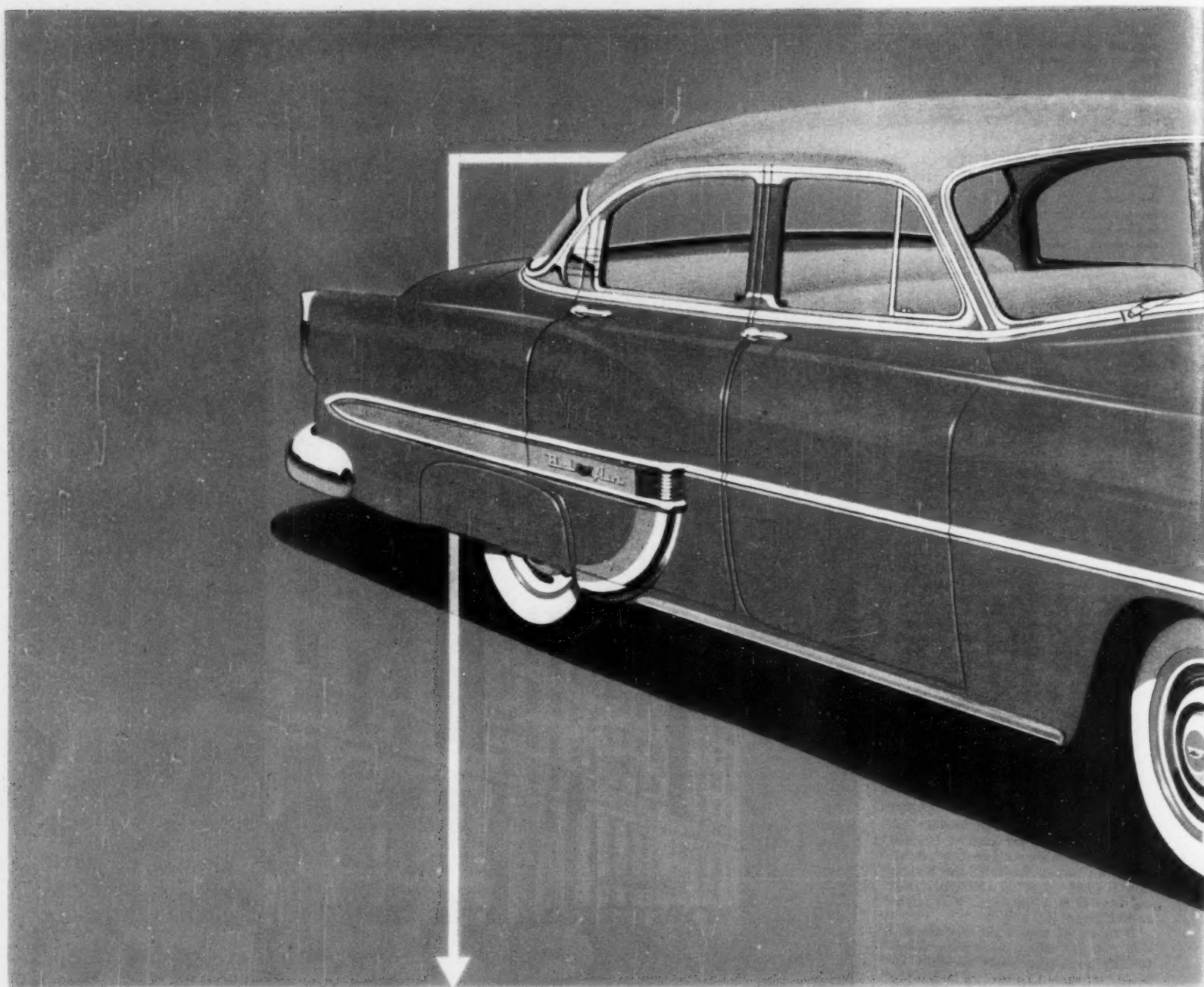
I said, "Were you taught always to say 'can' for ability and 'may' for permission?" Vigorous nodding of heads. "Did Miss Higginbotham tell you never to split infinitives?" More



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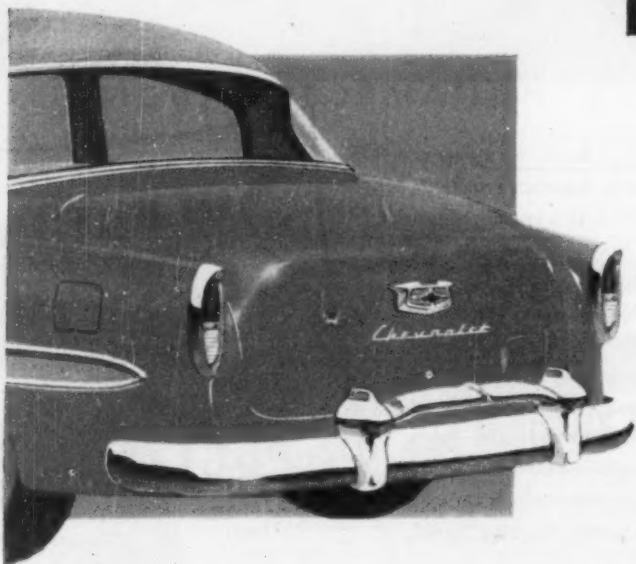
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nodding. "Did she forbid prepositions at the end of sentences?" They assured me that she had.

"What else did she teach you?" I asked. "Anything else?" Silence. "Can't you remember a single thing about your previous work except 'can' and 'may' and split infinitives and prepositions at the end?" I asked. No, they couldn't. All they could remember was three rules that don't exist.

Well, so what? Perhaps split infinitives and so on aren't really very important; still, does it hurt a student to know these things? Yes, I think it does. What a great many teachers of English still do, it seems to me, is to enforce upon the student what can only be called a dream-world: a dream-world where no "careful speaker or writer" ever says "awful" or "swell" or "lousy" or "Aren't I?" or even "Nuts!"

I do not think I exaggerate in placing much of the blame for the college teachers' troubles squarely on Miss Higginbotham's shoulders. She is the one, I am convinced, who first introduces her students to that miasmic distinction between "formal" and "informal" English... She leaves her students with the impression that full-dress is the proper costume for breakfast, lunch, dinner, the athletic field, the classroom, and the grocery store.

I am convinced that even among professors "formal" English accounts for less than one percent of their language activities... I cannot waste my time training students in elaborate devices concerning an activity to which they will devote, at the most, less than one percent of their time.

"Formal" English is just another fortification in the formidable defense-in-depth that protects the disciples of Bishop Lowth. And even that is not the last rampart. Behind it there looms up the mighty bastion called "educated usage" or "standards of the best speakers and writers." Even in informal speech and writing you are not supposed to do what you feel like: you are told to observe the example of your betters and do likewise.

For this is the up-to-the-minute word the "liberals" among the English teachers have given out: the old, rigid, eighteenth-century rules are dead; long live the new rules of "educated usage."

Go back through the past few years of the English Journal and you will find, in almost every monthly issue, the Current English Forum, conducted by leaders of the progressive wing of the profession: Harold B. Allen, Adeline C. Bartlett, Margaret M. Bryant, Archibald A. Hill, James B. McMillan, Kemp Malone, Russell Thomas. This band of professors is determined to convince high-school English teachers of the superiority of colloquial usage. They use research, data, statistics. Look at all the distinguished "who-users," they cry; observe how the literary great eschewed the subjunctive; see how many respectable people split infinitives. They have collected thousands of specimens (see panel on page 11).

But, to the true believer in strict grammar, I'm afraid this doesn't prove a thing. So, he would admit, famous writers and speakers occasionally make mistakes; let's forgive them. Let's not play up those little lapses and hold them up as shining examples to our youngsters who are in the process of learning what's right and wrong.

This is a strong argument—strong enough to have called forth a recent editorial in the English Journal, pleading for more research, more data, more statistics to find out once and for all which of those examples are isolated "mistakes" and which represent genuine trends.

And there the matter stands. If it turns out that infinitive-splitting is

prevalent among sixty-three percent of "educated speakers and writers," then we'll all buckle down and split them, by golly, from there on; if only thirty-nine percent are found to be practicing participle-danglers, then we shall abstain from that ugly habit and return to the rules of Bishop Lowth.

Absurd? Yes, I think it's absurd. And yet, this is the logic of the present thinking in grammar and usage. The battle cry is "Do what the majority does!" In the final analysis, the scientific rules of grammar and usage would consist in following the herd.

I don't think that's the final answer. "Adjustment" is the battle cry of those who want to escape from freedom and responsibility, as psychologists have pointed out. We are not all meant to drive a Buick as soon as six people out of ten in our block drive a Buick.

And so, in grammar and usage, we shall sooner or later recognize the statistical approach as a delusion. We won't return to a belief in the divine inspiration of Bishop Lowth, but we won't submit either to rules of grammar and usage by majority decree.

Of course if unconventional grammar makes you feel uneasy, change your habits by all means. There is no doubt that even fifteen minutes a day of eighteenth-century grammar, ridiculous as it may seem, will pay dividends for you: all efforts toward self-improvement are helpful if they succeed in enlarging the powers of your mind. But don't expect more than that. Don't expect that a course, a textbook, an outside authority will ever solve your daily language problems for you. You have to be your own grammarian.

Make Your Own Rules

This is a harsh doctrine, I know, since it puts the responsibility all on your own shoulders. Is there no help and guidance at all then?

It so happens that there is one book, and one only, that gives you advice on grammar and usage that is neither of the musty eighteenth-century type nor of the statistical, "appropriate-in-informal-usage" variety. That book is *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, by H. W. Fowler. Fowler wrote his masterpiece when he was seventy years old. What he says about questions of grammar, usage, vocabulary, and style is always wise, original, based solely on his deep understanding and sincere love for the English language. Observations such as:

When we say "damn," it relieves us because it is a strong word and yet means nothing; we do not intend the person or thing or event that we damn to be burnt in hell fire; far from it; but the faint aroma of brimstone that hangs forever about the word is savoury in wrathful nostrils.

"Of course," as the herald of an out-of-the-way fact that one has just unearthed from a book of reference, is a sad temptation to journalists.

A potato is a tuber, but the fact should be left in the decent obscurity of agricultural textbooks.

"It stands to reason" is a formula that gives its user the unfair advantage of at once invoking reason and refusing to listen to it.

"Distinction," as a literary critics' word, is like "charm," one of those on which they fall back when they wish to convey that a style is meritorious, but have not time to make up their minds upon the precise nature of its merit.

That's the kind of guidance you will get from Fowler. You may not always agree with his recommendations; but you will never be able to dismiss him without doing quite a bit of thinking of your own.

Tops



for enjoyment!

For the rest, as I said, you will have to be your own grammarian. Are you then supposed to speak and write as the spirit moves you? Are you supposed to go by feeling and by ear? Yes—provided that your feeling and your ear have not been perverted by “correct” grammar to play you tricks.

Recently I was reading an article on jet planes in U. S. News. One of the interviewer's questions was this: “Why hasn't our Air Force ordered a prototype of a jet military transport like the British have done?”

The word “like” is used here as a conjunction. This is a usage strongly condemned in all grammar books and not considered acceptable even in informal writing. Reading the sentence, I winced. My inner voice told me that here was an example of bad usage.

And yet, what is the real significance of my wincing? Exposed to a certain type of language stimulus, my nervous system reacted in a certain way. How come? Obviously because at some time in the past it was conditioned to react that way. I didn't wince because “like” as a conjunction is absolutely, by and of itself, “bad grammar,” neither did I wince because I was born with a tendency to wince whenever I see that construction in print. I winced because the followers of Bishop Lowth had managed to build this pet dogma of theirs into my nervous system.

In other words, rigid and insurmountable dislike of a particular speech form is actually a kind of slight neurosis, produced by instruction in “correct” grammar and usage.

If you can't talk to a foreign-born cab driver without suffering acutely from his mistakes in English grammar and usage, then you are ill-adapted to current North American life. You want to learn what is considered correct and standard? By all means do so. But use that knowledge to become free—free to feel at home in the English language everywhere and with everybody.

It might help you to know that E. M. Forster, the author of *A Passage to India*, who is today generally considered a dean of English letters, once began an essay with the words:

“Do you like to know who a book's by?”

This is a gem. Not only did Forster put the preposition “by” at the end—a practice universally condemned by grammatical fuddyduddies—he also chose the “who” over “whom.” And yet what could anybody do to improve that sentence? “Do you like to know whom a book's by?” Sounds all wrong. “Do you like to know by whom a book is?” Even worse. “When you read a book, do you like to know by whom it is?” Terrible. It's just right as Forster wrote it.

Since I clearly disagree with those on the right, on the left, and in the middle, chances are that many readers will misunderstand what I was trying to say. Let me add: I do not believe that all instruction in grammar and usage is worthless and should be abandoned forthwith. I do think and firmly believe that grammatical “correctness” is an eighteenth-century superstition; that “formal speech and writing” are practically nonexistent in ordinary twentieth-century life; the “educated usage, followed by the best writers and speakers” is largely a myth. But there is such a thing as scientific grammar, and there is an intelligent approach to usage, as exemplified in Fowler's wonderful book.

In expanded form, this article will later be included in a book, *How To Make Sense*, to be published by Harper and Brothers. ★

How Lethbridge Licked the Drought

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

farmers who have never known a crop failure. In the Thirties, while most prairie farmers searched the sky for rain, Lethbridge irrigation farmers simply looked to their ditches. The city has no more natural rainfall than any other prairie town. Its main crop, the sugar beet, needs about

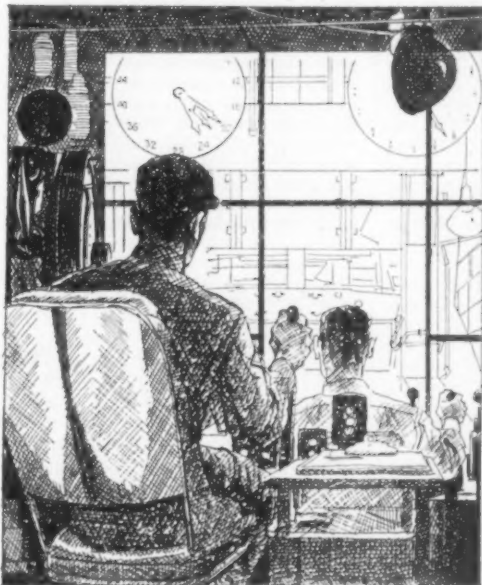
thirteen inches of water during July and August. For half a century Lethbridge has averaged only three and one quarter inches of rain during those two months. But the sugar beets flourish because with irrigation the farmers create the equivalent of a ten-inch rain-storm every midsummer.

Lethbridge is Canada's irrigation capital mostly because it got a head start fifty-five years ago through the wisdom of its pioneers. In 1877 a band of Mormon settlers led by Charles Ora Card went to farm the country south of Lethbridge and soon clamored for ir-

rigation such as they'd known in their native Utah. Charles Magrath, Lethbridge's first mayor, quickly realized the value of the ditch, sold the idea to his father-in-law, Sir Alexander Galt, a father of Confederation and a local coal and railway magnate.

Galt decided to link land settlement with irrigation and won support from Hon. Clifford Sifton, then federal minister of the interior. Magrath went to Salt Lake City and persuaded Mormon settlers to move north and help build irrigation ditches in return for farmland. In 1899 Sifton opened the

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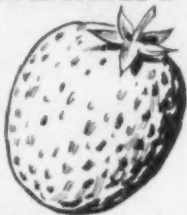


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headgates for the first true irrigation system in Canada.

In the beginning it was thought farmers would pay for the ditch but it soon became obvious that large-scale irrigation was too expensive. And, as farmers still point out, nearly everyone in an irrigation community benefits from the water whether they farm or not. So now, in the Lethbridge area's latest project, the provincial and federal governments share the cost of construction. The farmer concerned pays the province an initial fee for his right to use the water and he also pays a yearly levy which covers the cost of maintenance.

By 1901 there were thirty-six hundred irrigated acres near Lethbridge. By the Twenties several separate irrigation schemes had sprung up. In the Thirties destitute Saskatchewan farmers trekked along the highway from Medicine Hat and gazed enviously at farms like that of Nephi Jensen, who lives thirty miles east of Lethbridge. Jensen, who's still lean, dark-haired and youthful-looking at sixty-one, was one of the first irrigation farmers in the district. Like others under the ditch, he made a living during the depression.

"Dry-land farmers were pulling out all around me," he recalls. "I remember one poor fella from Saskatchewan who ran out of gas outside my place. He had his family and everything he owned in a beat-up car and trailer. I gave him a can of gas and he kept on going. If it hadn't been for irrigation I'd have been just like him."

Around Lethbridge the federal government is now helping finance the thirty-million-dollar St. Mary - Milk River development. The project, with its half-mile-long St. Mary River Dam, the largest earthen dam in Canada, will ultimately water a half million acres. The federal government is paying about fifty-five percent of the cost and Alberta the remainder. The province will recover some of this by charging farmers ten dollars an acre for the initial water rights. Year-to-year maintenance will be paid for, as in most irrigated areas, by an annual levy of about one to three dollars an acre on the farmers concerned.

Results in the Lethbridge district in the past have more than justified the expense. Only about three percent of Alberta farmland is irrigated but this yields more than eight percent of the province's agricultural produce.

Land that once sold for around thirty dollars an acre is worth up to three hundred dollars irrigated. Dry-land areas in southern Alberta average less than four people to the square mile. In completely irrigated districts, the population averages thirty people per square mile. Sometimes it even exceeds thirty. The Lethbridge northern district, a two hundred and fifty square mile area, had three hundred farm units and fifteen hundred people before irrigation. In less than twenty years under the ditch it grew to one thousand farms and ten thousand people—or forty to the square mile.

Generally speaking, irrigation farming means more physical year-round work than large-scale mechanized wheat farming. For one thing, hand-weeding and topping of beets is more laborious. For another wheat farmers are virtually wheat "miners" who work their crops to the exclusion of other activity through spring, summer and fall, and then do nothing in the winter. Irrigation farming requires feeding of cattle through the winter since it's planned on a well-rotated year-round basis. But there are compensations.

Around Lethbridge, for example, increased population has given the farms rural electrification and paved

or graveled roads. Many farmers install pressure systems with gravel filters and have running water in their homes. Nearly every farm has its own small "dug-out" pond which waters livestock and doubles as a swimming hole.

Irrigation has dressed up the prairie. The farms usually have green tree belts and bright flower gardens. Canals are sometimes lined with shady willow trees which become as thick and troublesome as weeds. Farmers can swim or boat on the reservoirs. Duck hunters are in their glory. For a while, one man near the St. Mary River Dam owned a pontoon-equipped airplane and used the dam as his airstrip.

Without irrigation security, Lethbridge itself would be just another prairie city. As it is, years of steady farm income have made it rich, comfortable and complacent—traits rare in prairie agricultural centres.

During the depression Lethbridge had the highest retail trade of any city its size in the west. Today its ninety wholesale and five hundred retail firms sell sixty million dollars' worth of clothing, groceries, machinery, electrical appliances and furniture in a year. On Saturday afternoons its hundred-foot-



wide streets are jammed with traffic and its normal population of twenty-six thousand is swelled by shoppers from forty or fifty miles around. Its homes are well-painted and its people well-dressed. In 1949 and 1950 Lethbridge had the highest per capita income in Canada. In 1951, the last year on record, the city slipped to ninth place but still averaged \$3,271 a taxpayer. Sixty people in the district own airplanes.

There's a seven-hundred-thousand-dollar recreation centre which superintendent of recreation Lorne Davidson, a transplanted Vancouverite, calls the finest in Canada. It has a swimming pool, club rooms, two auditoriums, Little League baseball park, soccer field and a curling and skating rink which members call North America's largest ice surface under one roof—35,424 square feet. In fact, quiet, contented Lethbridge would be somewhat stuffy if it weren't for barbecues, the Kainai Indians and Senator William A. Buchanan, publisher of the Lethbridge Herald.

Lethbridge adopted the barbecues when Harry Hargrave moved there a few years ago, from Medicine Hat. Hargrave, a tall scholarly looking employee of the local Dominion Experimental Station, was raised on an Alberta ranch and has made western folklore his hobby and barbecues his specialty. At the July 1951 opening of the St. Mary River Dam he supervised the feeding of two thousand guests at a flying club barbecue.

For such occasions Hargrave and his helpers dig a pit about six feet deep, heat rocks for ten hours on a nearby grill and, when the rocks are glowing red, tumble them into the hole and cover them with sheet metal. Twenty-to forty-pound chunks of beef—boned, rolled, salted, coated with flour-and-water paste and bundled in cheesecloth and clean burlap—are tossed on the makeshift oven. Another sheet of metal goes on top, the pit is banked with earth and everyone sits down for eight hours to work up an appetite.

At a 1947 barbecue for the Agricultural Institute of Canada, Hargrave

withdrew the beef at the appointed time and found it raw. He hastily re-covered the pit and gloomily eyed five hundred drooling delegates, standing around with their oversize hamburger buns hanging out. Half an hour later he tested the meat again. This time the air was charged with the tantalizing aroma of juicy roasts. Hargrave's reputation as master of the barbecue was saved.

Sometimes the meat is basted with a fiery sauce but this isn't essential. "Barbecued beef really doesn't need any improvement because all the natural juices are retained," says Hargrave. "You don't even need prime beef. The toughest old cow will come out tender if she's barbecued."

The Kainai, probably the only band of white Indians in Canada, is more exclusive than a barbecue but equally colorful. It consists of men who have been made honorary chiefs of the Blood tribe, which has its reservation south of Lethbridge. Living membership is restricted to thirty-five.

It was organized in 1950 by Ernest R. McFarland, a wealthy, restless businessman whose hobby is putting Lethbridge on the map. As president of the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association, a vice-president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, a director of the National Air Show and member or executive of a half dozen other local or national organizations, McFarland junkets back and forth across Canada spreading the Lethbridge gospel so ardently that Premier Joseph Smallwood of Newfoundland once dubbed him "Mr. South Alberta."

Senator William Asbury Buchanan has probably done more than any other man to promote Lethbridge, through forty-nine years of championing irrigation in the Herald. Buchanan stepped off a train from eastern Canada in 1905 in the midst of a Lethbridge dust storm. He promptly moved on to Calgary and Edmonton, but returned to buy an interest in the weekly Herald. By 1907 he owned it and had so impressed the town with his journalistic ability and community spirit that a local banker stopped him on the street one day and asked, "Why don't you make the Herald a daily?"

"Haven't the money," said Buchanan. "Well, why didn't you say so before," demanded the banker. "I'll loan you the money."

Buchanan went on to become a federal MP, a senator and one of the best-known newsmen in the west.

At seventy-seven he has the tireless energy of men half his age. Last fall he had a serious abdominal operation. Three weeks later he was home, peppering his staff with notes. A week after that he was back at his desk every morning, keeping an eye on southern Alberta and marveling at its progress.

"One night this fall, at a convention, the city gave each woman a shopping bag full of Lethbridge products," muses Buchanan. "Sugar, flour, canned peas and corn, tomato juice, things like that. And I thought, 'What a transformation from 1905 when there was nothing here but coal.'"

Coal is still important to Lethbridge although everyone tends to forget it. Six hundred and fifty miners live in the city, work in nearby mines and draw an annual payroll of around two million dollars. Lethbridge was founded on coal by Nicholas Sheran, a black-mustached Civil War veteran who came to Canada for gold in 1872 and stayed to dig coal from the steep hills around the Oldman River. The coal is a type of hard coal called sub-bituminous.

The Indians called the site Sheep Banks but in Sheran's time it was known as Coal Banks. Then Sir Alex-

ander Galt formed a coal company with William Lethbridge of Devonshire, England, as first president and in 1885 the new mining settlement was named after Lethbridge. Today coal production has slumped before the competition of oil, natural gas and propane gas. But Alberta's coal resources are enormous. Around Lethbridge alone there are seven hundred million tons in reserve.

"Coal will come back when the supply of oil and gas is exhausted," prophesies John M. Davidson, manager of a local colliery. "Someday the pipelines that carried oil and natural gas will carry similar products made from coal."

Meanwhile, the silver-grey green-topped sugar beet is by far the most important single item to Lethbridge pocketbooks. Sugar beets respond to fertile, well-prepared irrigation land better than any other crop. They will grow in a variety of soils, and are a good "cleaning" crop—farmers clean the weeds from among the well-spaced beet plants whereas the same weeds would swamp wheat.

Sugar beets, ranging from three to eight inches across the crown and eight to fifteen inches long, produce an average two hundred and seventy-six pounds of sugar to the ton but as much as three hundred and twenty pounds has been obtained. At the factory they're washed, shredded, soaked under pressure in diffusion tanks where the pulp is separated from a sweet juice. The pulp is salvaged for cattle feed. The juice is purified and evaporated to produce crystalline sugar and the residue is whirled out of the thick molasses in centrifugal drums.

Housewives Oblivious

Beet sugar is sold mainly in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Alberta produces nearly half the beet sugar in Canada which means about one-tenth of all the sugar consumed in the country. There is no difference between beet and cane sugar but there's a superstition among housewives that beet sugar will not preserve fruit.

Once Philip Baker, president of the Alberta Sugar Beet Growers Association for the past seventeen years, took some beet sugar to a sceptical Edmonton retailer.

"Just don't tell the women this is beet sugar," said Baker. "If you have a single complaint you don't have to pay us a cent for this order."

There were no complaints. The retailer even took some home to his wife, who didn't know it from cane sugar.

Baker, a big man with a slow grin, has doggedly backed the sugar-beet growers since the association was formed in 1925. Once, when the organization couldn't get bank credit, Baker borrowed money for it on his own note. He is also president of the Canadian Sugar Beet Growers and an expert on water conservation. He was awarded the Coronation Medal for his contribution to agriculture and is now retired. Beet growers have a relatively happy working arrangement. A farmer is guaranteed a set price per ton for all the beets raised on his acreage. The price is determined each spring in negotiations between the sugar company and the association. Over the past five years, it has ranged from thirteen to eighteen dollars a ton. The payment is spread out in five installments over the year which gives the farmer and the district a steadier income.

Machines are now available for most of the labor but they are expensive. Olaf Olson, who farms a four hundred and eighty acre beet and tomato farm

east of Lethbridge says his sugar beet digging machine cost about sixty-five hundred dollars. Olson keeps a stock pile of three-thousand-dollars' worth of spare parts in case of breakdowns.

Because of the expense, small farmers like Sam Haucka, an RCAF veteran near Taber, thirty miles east, do their own weeding, thinning and topping by hand. Haucka, starting from scratch on bald prairie in 1950 has carved out ten acres of beets, fifteen acres of corn, built his home and planted four thousand trees in three years.

Established farmers often hire immigrant labor: Czechs, Slovaks, Scandinavians, Netherlands. These people produce incredible success stories. Their employer provides them with lodging, they live cheaply, work perhaps eighteen hours a day, save every penny and eventually buy their own land. Fifty to sixty percent of the irrigation farmers in Lethbridge district started out as hand laborers.

Frank Rabusic and his wife, who went to the Lethbridge area from Czechoslovakia in 1929, worked sixteen to eighteen hours a day for six years in the sugar-beet fields. Then they began to buy land. Today they are worth more than one hundred thousand dollars, with a home in Lethbridge and a fully-mechanized four-hundred-acre farm near Raymond.

"Irrigation pays off if you work at it," says Steve Houlton who was born in England, and has grown beets for twenty-seven years without a crop failure. "I know a man who started hoeing sugar beets around 1927. Three years ago he made the final payment on a thirty-five-thousand-dollar farm and now, I guess, he's worth seventy thousand dollars."

As well as sugar beets, most farmers grow vegetables, alfalfa, oats or barley. Then in the fall they buy lean cattle from ranchers, fatten them in open feed-lots on hay, grain or beet pulp and sell them for a profit in the spring. The manure makes excellent fertilizer for the beet fields. Thus the farmer doesn't depend on a one-crop economy.

In such diversified year-around farming his labor and equipment costs are high. He may not get rich as quickly as the wheat farmer who strikes a few good years but his future is sure. Thus Lethbridge, the service centre, makes money every year.

A. E. Palmer, retired superintendent of the experimental farm who went to Pakistan in November as an irrigation expert, says, "Suppose a farmer raises twelve tons of beets to the acre on twenty acres and sells them for fourteen dollars a ton. Let's say his labor and other costs average eighty dollars an acre. He'll only net about seventeen hundred dollars from his beets. But his gross return is nearly thirty-five hundred dollars and most of that is spent in Lethbridge."

The first 1953 beet payment last fall was about three and a quarter million dollars and eighty-five percent of the money was spent in Lethbridge, according to Philip Baker.

That's why Lethbridge prizes every muddy ditch, talks about a population of seventy thousand within twenty years and honors the memory of every pioneer who had faith enough to nurse the city from dry land, through coal, to water. There's a park named after Sir Alexander Galt; a cairn honors Nick Sheran and his first coal mine; a new drive is named after Charles Magrath (although most streets and avenues in town are numbered) and a portrait of bearded William Lethbridge hangs prominently in the new city hall. But nowhere is there a memento of Capt. John Palliser. As far as Lethbridge is concerned, the gloomy prophet couldn't have been more wrong. ★

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My Six Weeks With the Comrades

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"youth." Then there was the matter of the color in which a small brochure advertising the festival should be printed.

"Red would be nice," I suggested innocently. A small dark girl sitting near me shuddered. "Too suggestive," she said. "People might get the wrong idea."

Shirley said she wanted to use some of our names in the brochure. Shirley asked one of the girls present if she might use her name. The girl shook her head. Shirley looked hurt. Then she turned to me—and I shook my head. Shirley looked so pained that I offered the lame excuse that I wasn't very well-known and my name wouldn't mean much.

The incident brought home to me the fact that I had a decision to make. I genuinely wanted to see at first hand conditions behind the Iron Curtain. I do not deny, too, that the prospect of a unique trip at a nominal cost was attractive to me. But in order to go I had become involved with a Communist-front organization.

I had to ask myself, too, why the Canadian "progressives" were inviting me on this virtually free trip. I knew that my fellow medical student had "recommended" me, but on what terms I did not know—possibly as a woolly-headed Liberal and therefore potential "progressive material." I also got the impression that the Festival Committee was anxious to send a large representation from Canada, and it was probably not easy to find delegates who could afford to finance themselves to where the "free ride" began—at the Iron Curtain.

I had no leanings whatever toward Communism. I am politically a Liberal—with leanings toward some of the CCF's social legislation policies. And now I had to think realistically of what I might be getting into. What would be the attitude of Canadian officials? Of my friends? Would I be barred from visiting the United States henceforth? I weighed all the pros and cons, and the lure of getting into "forbidden" countries won. I decided to go.

At any rate, I did have some measure of non-Communist official status as far as the Warsaw conference was concerned. I persuaded the Students' Administrative Council of the University of Toronto to name me its official observer at the Warsaw congress of the International Union of Students.

I should explain that immediately after the war the IUS was a fairly representative international student organization. Canada and the United States did not join, but Britain and a number of Western European nations did. It soon became apparent, however, that the Communists had taken over control. The last straw was the union's ousting of Yugoslavia, after Tito's declaration of independence, on charges that Yugoslav students "had Fascist tendencies." At that point the remaining non-Communist student organizations pulled out of the union. Since then they have only sent "observers" to the union's annual meetings.

And so late last July, after several pleasant weeks of hitchhiking through Germany and the Scandinavian countries, I boarded a train literally jumping with young comrades. It was only a short trip to the Hungarian border, and there was no doubt when we crossed it. Physically, the Iron Curtain consists at this point of triple

widths of barbed wire fence and plowed strips on both sides of the barrier.

Across the border, in the small Hungarian town of Hegyeshalom, a terrific reception awaited us. When we left the carriages Hungarian men, women and children surrounded us. Barefooted little boys darted about collecting autographs. Young girls with braided hair rushed up to us with flowers. Other girls in white smocks handed out sandwiches and food packages. Old men gave us bottles of soft drinks. Loud music blared from an army truck equipped with a loud-speaker, and the natives and visitors joined in dancing.

The Hungarians, peasants to judge by their dress, showed an almost childlike curiosity about the visitors, particularly those of unfamiliar appearance. One Ceylonese delegate remarked ruefully to me: "I don't mind everybody wanting to shake hands, but when they lick their fingers and rub my arm to see if the brown color will come off..."

Similar receptions greeted us clear across Hungary and into Rumania and



as the train neared Bucharest they increased in frequency and intensity. I admit I was impressed with the enthusiasm of the people who had come out to greet us, both in Hungary and Rumania. But then the Communists had to overplay it and expose the whole thing as a farce. At three o'clock on the last morning of the journey, when the train pulled up at a little station, there in the semi-darkness of this unearthly hour was a huddled group of men, women and even children. They even managed the usual chorus of "pace si pretentie!"—"peace and friendship!" A small sleepy-eyed Italian nudged me as we stood on the platform. "Can you imagine people coming to greet us like this in our capitalist countries?" he asked.

I couldn't imagine it, either. Later in Bucharest when I was able to get on confidential terms with a number of Rumanians I made a point of enquiring about those turnouts of people along our route. A medical student with whom I became friendly laughed when I asked him about the receptions. "We could follow your train's progress stop by stop through the radio instructions given to various groups: 'The workers of X shoe factory... the workers at Z collective farm, with their wives and children, will greet the Youth Festival delegates' train at such-and-such a place at such-and-such a time.'"

The train pulled into Bucharest on a Saturday morning, and a guide whisked me into a waiting car. We stopped in front of a large brick-and-sandstone building with a Canadian red ensign hanging beside the door. My guide explained that it was a veterinary college, but the students were away for the summer vacation and it would be the home of the Canadian delegation.

I dragged my packback to a large dormitory on the second floor. Stan Linkovitch, who had taken a leading

part in the Toronto meetings, was there. He gave me first-name introductions to a number of the other Canadian delegates. I recognized about ten of them as having attended the meetings of the Festival Committee in Toronto. Stan handed me an identification card, good for rides on any streetcar or bus and for admittance to theatres and stadiums. Joe, a tall soft-spoken boy from Toronto, handed me a small green maple leaf with Canada lettered in yellow, the official insignia of the delegation. Another boy gave me a book of meal tickets, good for lunch and dinner at Restaurant No. 41, situated two blocks from our residence and normally a students' canteen. Breakfast, I was told, was to be served in our dormitory.

And at that moment breakfast arrived. We were each handed a paper bag containing a small loaf of white bread, a quarter liter of thin milk, butter, a piece of preserved meat and a small pot of very thick, sweet apricot jam.

During the day I met delegates in stages; there were thirty-four of them, ranging in age from sixteen to one thirty-eight-year-old "honorary youth" from St. Catharines. Boys were slightly in the majority. Their affiliations were varied: a number were members of national groups in Canada, such as the Finnish, Hungarian, Polish and Ukrainian Youth Leagues; others were members of the National Federation of Labor Youth and of the Canadian Peace Council. Many were sponsored by organizations with names indicating they were sports clubs or "cultural" groups. A boy from Hamilton told me that he belonged to a Hungarian society which kept away from politics and concentrated on organizing an insurance scheme for members.

In much the same category as myself were Barbara Grant and Bill Wilmott, observers for the Student Christian Movement of Canada, a branch of an international organization to promote Christianity in universities. Most of the delegates were from the Toronto area, but some were from St. Catharines and Hamilton, with a few from Saskatchewan and British Columbia. One of the girls handed me a number of pins proclaiming "Put Canada First" which I was supposed to distribute as gifts to other delegates I might meet during the festival. "You must explain," she pointed out carefully, "that the motto on the pins does not mean we are nationalistic in spirit, but that we are trying to get out from under the American yoke."

On Monday morning Stan Linkovitch called the first meeting of the Canadian delegation. He outlined the plans for the opening ceremonies of the festival, to be held that afternoon; a mass march through the streets of the thirty thousand visiting delegates, plus twice that number of Rumanian "youths and students." There would be mass demonstrations for peace and friendship, gymnastic displays, dancing and singing by the youth of Rumania. Prime Minister Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej of the Rumanian People's Republic would deliver the opening address.

All Canadian delegates, Stan emphasized, were expected to take part. The Rumanians had provided us with large Canadian ensigns and outsized green maple leaves to carry in the parade. I could only conclude that there were no maples in Rumania; our "maple leaves" looked rather like oak leaves.

I still had several hours before the parade, so I decided to look the city over. I boarded a brand-new streamlined streetcar, showed my pass to the woman conductor, and she waved me through. The car was crowded, as

Bucharest streetcars always seemed to be at all hours. It took a little while for the reason to dawn—there were practically no automobiles on the streets. Traffic consisted of army trucks, a few taxis, an occasional car—and ever-jammed streetcars and buses.

Bucharest, a little smaller than Toronto, was gay with paint and flags. Every lamp post was entwined, May-pole-fashion, with the flags of Rumania, Russia, the United States, Britain and France. (Later a United States delegate complained to me that the Rumanian version of Old Glory contained sixty-four stars.) At street corners loudspeakers blared folk music and news programs. I heard a ringing voice that sounded familiar. It was Paul Robeson's.

I got off the streetcar at a crowded square. At every corner there were outdoor cafes, now filling with the lunch-time throngs. I saw a vacant chair and sat down to look at the passing crowds. The Rumanians seemed to me very Latin, dark-haired, swarthy and medium-sized. The men seemed to wear a standardized uniform—bright short-sleeved cotton shirts, no coats, sandal-type shoes and, almost invariably, carried brief cases. The women wore cheerful print dresses that looked cheap and homemade, but there was a certain Latin chic to them.

It Had Its Effect

I found my way back to Restaurant No. 41 for lunch. It was a huge room which served not only the Canadians but the Australians, Brazilians, Algerians, Arabs and others. I sat beside a big colored boy who said he was from Accra, in the Gold Coast. Rumanian girls dressed in white served us thick soup, followed by slices of pork cooked in corn oil, sweet cabbage and rice. For dessert there were pears and cake with chocolate icing and a rum-flavored filling. After the meal I sat with the Gold Coast boy drinking sweet brown beer. I asked him what he thought of Bucharest. He answered eagerly: "I have never seen such a luxurious, beautiful city in my life. Compared to Accra this is a metropolis. And the food—we had heard that there was a shortage of food in the Communist countries, but obviously that was false propaganda." He smacked his lips in memory of the huge meal he had just eaten.

A few days later I was to remember the African's wonder at the plentiful menu when a Rumanian medical student told me that for two months the city's rationing had been tightened so that there would be plenty of food, not only for the delegates but for the residents, so that there would be none of the usual queues in front of stores.

I returned to our residence much too late to take part in the opening ceremonies. When the Canadians came in later in the evening they were full of enthusiasm for what they had seen and heard. They were disgusted at me for being absent. Stan took me aside and asked me curtly where I had been. I told him I was sight-seeing.

He frowned and said: "You're expected to follow the program set by the committee—you're part of the delegation and our hosts expect us to do things together." I told him that was not my understanding when I left Canada.

There was never an open rift between the other delegates and myself, but I am afraid that I was a disappointment and sometimes an embarrassment to them. In Bucharest, as in Toronto, their talk was on the peace and friendship theme and politics specifically were not discussed—with one notable daily exception. Every morn-

ing the latest copies of the Daily Worker arrived from London and were eagerly read. In the discussion of the news—or the Daily Worker's interpretation of the news—most of the Canadian delegates fell easily into the familiar party-line jargon.

On the third day of the festival Stan announced that the Canadian delegation was going to a social hour of peace and friendship with the Free German Youth Organization. We went by bus to a handsome white mansion surrounded by a high iron fence. Our interpreter said it was now a home for young authors and journalists. "In former times," he added, "it was the residence of a rich speculator. He is no longer here." A wave of laughter went through our group. Behind the house was a formal garden with numerous chairs and tables, and here, in groups of three or four each, we held our fellowship session with the German youth. They arrived looking very natty and efficient in identical clothes—the boys in grey suits and blue shirts, the girls in light blue blouses and skirts. One boy confided to me that the clothes were the gift of the East German government.

At my table were three young German editors and two Canadian girls, Ruth, a short dark girl with patient eyes, who came from Saskatchewan, and Eleanor, a tall, quiet, striking redhead from Toronto. A Rumanian girl acted as our interpreter.

One of the Germans asked how life was in Canada. Ruth told the interpreter to answer that although conditions were generally prosperous, there was much unemployment. The interpreter opened her mouth to answer when I objected. The interpreter looked amused; the Germans looked puzzled.

"That's hardly fair," I said. "What unemployment?"

"During the depression, in Saskatchewan there were thousands of unemployed," said Ruth. I argued with her that the depression had been twenty years ago and for many years there had been as little unemployment in Canada as anywhere in the world.

The Germans spoke to the interpreter, who by now was enjoying herself immensely. "They want an answer," she said. "They cannot understand why you disagree."

Eleanor suggested that we compromise by saying that there was some unemployment in seasonal occupations like lumbering and construction, and I agreed to that. A German wanted to know if Canadians didn't speak French, and one of the girls answered: "We are sorry that there are no French Canadians in our delegation—some of them wanted to come, but the authorities in Quebec threatened that if they did, they would lose their jobs."

All in all, the "peace and friendship" session with the German youth was not a success, at our table at any rate.

That afternoon we gathered in an auditorium behind our residence to rehearse our program of Canadian culture. It was to be presented seven times in the next ten days at theatres all over Bucharest. Olga, a talented little brunette dancer from Toronto, tried to teach a group of us a dance. She finally gave up on me. When I told her I danced like a horse, she did not disagree.

I was demoted to the singing group, under Fanny Gruber, a large bespectacled girl from Toronto. We worked away on O Canada, including a verse in French. Following this was a dreary song about peace, entitled Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream. The theme was someone dreaming that the leaders of all nations drew up a peace declaration, then everybody threw

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down their weapons and stamped on them. The sentiment was excellent, but the melody was awful. Next we rehearsed Red River Valley and a mournful Indian ballad, My Bark Canoe. I could visualize our audience long since asleep, but worse was yet to come—the "progressive" songs. One, Oh Lovely Land, was a dirge-like lament that "though the rich have ravished you (Canada) we swear to make this dream come true."

For part of the program we were given the services of a first-rate Rumanian symphony orchestra. They were given the score of a composition by a Canadian whose name I never did learn. It was a disjointed "modern" composition full of discords, awkward phrases and little meaningless trills on the flutes. The conductor and his musicians wore expressions of great distress as they ran through their rehearsal of "representative Canadian music."

There developed an increasing excitement among the Canadian delegates over something that had nothing to do with the festival. The Canadian general election was imminent, and I had to listen to discussions on the rising significance of the Labor-Progressive Party in Canada. For the first time the party was running one hundred candidates, and expected to win several seats. "Watch the LPP," the delegates kept telling me.

At breakfast on the morning after the election our interpreter came into our dormitory. He said a Rumanian paper had an item about the Canadian election. "How did the LPP do?" someone asked.

"LPP?" pondered the interpreter. "It won twenty-three seats."

There were deafening cheers. "What about the CCF?" some moderate left-winger wanted to know.

The interpreter looked confused. "CCF . . . LPP," he turned the initials over in his memory, then smiled brightly. "It was the CCF that won the twenty-three seats . . ." There was a long, deafening silence.

There was another event which disturbed the delegates. Two more Canadians turned up. They were Charles Taylor and John Hallward, non-Communists from Montreal. They had come from Istanbul, Turkey, by way of Bulgaria and had made their arrangements through the British delegation and the Canadian group had not been informed. Taylor was a Rhodes Scholar studying at Oxford. I knew him by reputation—he is regarded in university circles as a resourceful, quick-witted student leader who had done an excellent job of holding up the Western viewpoint at various international student gatherings.

He was on his way to Warsaw to act as official observer for the National Federation of Canadian University Students at the International Union of Students' congress. He had grown a huge beard, which lent him a Biblical appearance. John Hallward was also studying at Oxford, and both were seasoned travelers on the Continent. Taylor and Hallward were assigned a separate room, and I moved in with them. I explained to them why I had undertaken this trip, and that I had already interviewed a number of Rumanians. They were interested in much the same program, and we agreed to pool information and to team up in interviews.

So far, we had seen no Russian delegates. But finally we were told that the Canadians were to meet a group of Russians at the same mansion where we had met the Germans. In the garden Taylor, Hallward and I sat with a tall blond Russian boy named Nikolai and a pretty girl violinist from

ANGLER'S ANGLE

After walking the aisle with a fisherman type
A woman should show no surprise
When she finds that the gaze she had thought was for her
Is a faraway lake in his eyes.

MARY ALKUS

the Moscow Academy named Maria. Nikolai spoke good English and acted as our interpreter.

Charlie Taylor, whose approach can be decidedly forthright, asked Nikolai how it was that if Russia was eager for peace and friendship the Soviet satire magazine Krokadile was permitted to publish savagely anti-American cartoons. I knew what he meant. A few days before in that same building I had seen a copy of Krokadile with a cover cartoon showing a pair of hands packing an American food package for East Berlin. The top layer contained eggs, cigarettes and biscuits, but in the bottom layer were Nazi saboteurs carrying hand grenades and Napalm bombs.

When Charlie's question was translated to the Russian boy I thought he was going to choke with surprise at being addressed so bluntly by a delegate to the festival. I poured him a glass of red wine to help him with his answer. He replied in an offended tone that Krokadile was a clever satire magazine which pointed out the inefficiencies in Soviet government offices. Charlie mentioned the cartoons of a year before during the germ-warfare charges, cartoons that had represented Americans as beasts.

"Inside Beria"

At this Nikolai lost his temper. "How else can you treat a nation that uses such barbaric and inhuman methods against the innocent Chinese?" he demanded heatedly. Ruth, the member of the Canadian delegation with whom I had been at cross purposes the last time we were in this building, overheard the discussion and rushed over. Her eyes, no longer patient, blazed at Charlie. "Is this the way to build peace and friendship?" she shrieked at him. Charlie looked nonplussed at this unexpected attack, and Nikolai seemed grateful for the support. Further discussion was cut short by the beginning of a program of Russian culture.

Another girl from the Canadian delegation came over with important news. "A Russian delegate has just given me the inside story of the Beria case," she said excitedly. "What happened was that to carry out his plot against the Soviet regime he ordered thousands of farmers in the south to plant cotton instead of wheat," she said breathlessly. "The result was naturally a horrible failure and many farmers starved to death. Thousands of letters poured in from all over Russia denouncing this act of sabotage. An investigation was started and Beria was unmasked. It took thirty years, but they finally got him." The story seemed to restore Charlie's good humor. "Yes, it took a long time," he agreed with a grin.

The Canadian delegation also met with representatives of China, North Korea, Hungary and Rumania, but these gatherings were without incident—a formal mass introduction, exchange of gifts, some platitudinous mutual expressions of goodwill, and the "hour

of fellowship" would end in a buffet lunch.

At the end of the second week the festival concluded with another huge demonstration. The next day the Canadian delegation gathered to draw up an official statement to be issued to the press in Canada. Everyone agreed on the first three paragraphs, which factually outlined our activities, including the shows we had performed and the concerts we had seen. The fourth paragraph declared that the festival had been a terrific success and had promoted peace and friendship by bringing people of all nations together.

Charlie Taylor said he thought there should be a mild reservation in the last paragraph—that although the opportunity for personal contact was potentially beneficial, the good effect would have been increased if there had been more frank discussion and the presentation of important points of view which were hitherto little heard.

This caused great distress among a majority of the delegates. One of them objected: "The big papers will make it appear that the Canadian delegation had some doubts as to the success of the festival." Someone else suggested that the "progressive" papers could leave the reservation out. In the end, Charlie's suggestion was rejected. The report was approved with three "nay" votes. John, Charlie and I found it unacceptable.

The festival ended, but our passports were still tied up somewhere in the midst of the slow-moving Communist bureaucracy. Our contacts told us that the Rumanian officials were anxious to get all foreigners out of the city by August 22, since on the following day there was to be a gigantic parade of military and workers to celebrate the liberation of the city by the Russians in 1944. Many of the Canadian delegates were whisked off to a holiday camp to await their passports and be spared the sight of a display of militarism. But Charles, John, myself and a few other delegates were going on to Poland, and waited in Bucharest.

Already the appearance of the city had changed. The flags of the Western nations disappeared overnight and big red stars went up on all public buildings. Now Soviet and Rumanian flags hung from every window, gigantic posters of Soviet and Rumanian leaders appeared everywhere, with lettering proclaiming the solidarity of Soviet-Rumanian friendship.

On the day of the parade John Hallward and I watched as waves of goose-stepping infantrymen marched by, followed by squads of sailors and airmen, then cavalymen on beautiful horses. Next came the rumble of tanks, then guns of all sizes drawn by trucks and tractors. Overhead formations of MIGs roared by.

The workers' part of the parade followed. I have never seen such a mass of workers in my life. They came in torrents, divided into factory groups each carrying a float demonstrating its production, and huge posters with pictures of every leader of international Communism—including Tim Buck.

John and I slipped into the parade.

Nobody tried to stop us. Group leaders wearing armbands were organizing cheers of "traiasca (long live) Gheorghiu-Dej!" We joined in with "traiasca Eisenhower!" The effect on the marchers near us was amusing. They could hardly believe their ears. After several blocks I tried to step out of the parade. Two soldiers and a civilian wearing an armband closed ranks on me and pushed me back into the street, crying "tovarisch, tovarisch."

A little farther on I again made for the sidewalk. Again I was pushed back. I yelled at the soldiers in English and they let me through, looking rather sheepish for having treated a foreigner in this manner.

The day after the parade our passports were at last returned, with Hungarian, Czech and Polish visas. Our train was to leave that night for Warsaw.

After the hectic weeks in Bucharest, the Warsaw conference of the International Union of Students was tame and businesslike. The sessions were held outside the city, at the Academy of Physical Education, a large group of modern buildings forming a square. About a thousand students had assembled from seventy-seven nations. We listened for two hours to the report of the executive committee read by Giovanni Berlinguer, the Italian general secretary of the International Union of Students. I listened with very moderate interest until, under the heading of "The Right to Education, Untroubled Studies and an Ensured Future," I heard the name of Canada. Mr. Berlinguer was citing Canada as an example of Student Action:

"Canadian students used a spectacular campaign to protest against the rise in Montreal tram fares last year. Four thousand, five hundred of them marched through the streets with banners threatening to boycott the trams. The National Federation of Canadian University Students supported the students' representations to the City Transportation Commission."

Good old Montreal streetcars, I thought nostalgically. They had made the grade at an international conference representing seventy-seven nations. I thought the committee had missed a bet, though, in failing to note an even more spectacular aspect of the Montreal "student action"—the plan of numerous students boarding streetcars and all tendering five-dollar bills for the conductors to change.

Stalin's Books Useful

Warsaw was a city of vivid impressions: The most bombed city I had ever seen—and I had been in most of the German "saturation raid" targets. The tragic Ghetto near the centre of the city was still acre upon acre of weed-grown rubble. The bookstores with vast offerings of Stalin's works at subsidized prices: I paid eighty cents for a London Times, but a thick volume by Stalin on The Problems of Leninism could be had for fifty cents. A foreign diplomat I met told me: "I'm thinking of heating my house this winter with books by Stalin—pound for pound they're cheaper than coal in Warsaw."

Vladis, our guide and interpreter, was a resourceful man, a former Polish officer who had spent six years in a Nazi prison camp, where he learned English from captured British officers. On our own initiative, we went to a "grey market" in a vacant lot, where Nestle's cocoa was on sale at twenty dollars for a pound tin, nylons were thirty dollars a pair, and sugar sold for a dollar and seventy-five cents a pound. Later we went to see the carefully preserved buildings of the Nazis' notorious Auschwitz Prison

Camp, where four million victims were said to have perished in gas ovens.

It was Vladis, too, who doled out our allowance of spending money—three dollars and fifty cents a day each. I thought this was very generous of the Poles, since in addition they were providing transportation—train, bus, taxi and tram—feeding us, lodging us in a comfortable students' residence, and giving us free laundry and opera and theatre tickets.

There was one man I wanted to meet in Warsaw. He was Professor Leopold Infeld, one-time professor of physics at the University of Toronto. Infeld had left Poland before the rise of Hitler. He had taught at Princeton's School of Advanced Studies and had collaborated on a book about relativity with the great Einstein himself. He had been at the University of Toronto for several years when, in the late 'forties, he decided to return to Poland. This decision created a sensation at Varsity. As I recall, Infeld said he was not a Communist—in fact not even sympathetic toward Communism. He had, however, been asked to reorganize the Polish university system, and he could not pass up this opportunity to serve his native land. I wanted to find out how he thought and fared five years later.

He Wasn't Subdued

Vladis willingly agreed to arrange the interview. Then he reported that Infeld had been taken seriously ill with a gastro-intestinal illness and had gone to a spa in South Poland. A few days later I passed a large building housing the Academy of Science. I entered and asked a functionary if that was where Dr. Infeld was in charge. He nodded, but said that Infeld was away at an important scientific conference in Vienna. I never did learn the truth about the former Toronto professor.

One evening the Canadian delegation attended a reception at the Canadian Legation and then had to hurry on to a reception given for delegates by the Polish government. The chargé d'affaires for Yugoslavia, who was at the Canadian reception, offered to drive us over to the palace of the presidium where the Polish party was being held. He was a very young man in a job which I imagined was very uncomfortable. But he was certainly not meek or subdued. When one used the term "Communist" in referring to the Poles he became quite offended. "Only the Yugoslavs are Communists," he said. "The Russians, Poles and other nations in their group are Cominformists."

We asked him how he got along with the Poles. He replied bluntly that they were always trying to frame him. "One man came to the Embassy and offered to sell me plans for a motorcycle factory," he related. "I suspected a plot which would result in my being accused of stealing 'vital Polish blueprints,' so I told him Yugoslavia wasn't sufficiently industrialized to make cycles. Another time a student came in and said he had organized an underground movement and needed ten thousand dollars to finance it. We told him our dollar-making machine had broken down."

"The favorite trick of the Polish secret police is to send an agent to a diplomat's home with the story that he is hiding from the police and would like to leave some secret documents for safekeeping. Invariably the secret police are waiting outside, ready to march in and nab the diplomat with the documents in his hand."

The reception at the presidium was most lavish. The refreshments can be covered by the statement that just



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We Lose and Gain a Man

THE dramatic Flashback about the Porcupine fire on pages 20 and 21 is the work of a new writer, and as new writers do not grow on trees these days we hasten to introduce him to you. His name is John Gray and this is the first article that he's done for Maclean's—or for any other magazine. Gray's name has been in the magazine once before, though. Last summer we published a fiction story of his



Incoming Gray: Red hair, a liking for foreign parts, perhaps a novel.

entitled *The Centaur*. It was his first published story. We confidently expect to have a good deal more fact and fiction under Gray's byline in the years to come and in order to assure ourselves of this we have added him to our staff as an editorial assistant.

Gray is a product of the University of Toronto where he was briefly editor of the campus newspaper (but resigned because he was spending too much time being a student journalist and not enough time being a student). In addition he caused a minor flurry by resigning from his fraternity, Phi Delta Theta, because he objected to the general fraternity principle which discriminates against Jews and Negroes. His fraternity brothers told him it was impossible to resign—once a fraternity man, apparently, always a fraternity man—but Gray went ahead and resigned anyway.

Gray has been to Europe four times, each time on the cheap. He bicycled all across the Old World in the summer of 1947. Then in 1951 he was an official University of Toronto observer at International Student Service conferences in Sweden and Switzerland. The following year he was one of ten students who accompanied the late warden of Hart House, Nicholas Ignatieff, to help Finnish students

build a university. (Gray and some colleagues dug foundations for a giant steam bath, without which no Finnish campus is complete, apparently.) After he left university (he majored in philosophy but didn't get around to graduating) Gray got married and took his wife to Spain for a year.

We asked Gray what he did with his spare time and he told us that when anyone asks that question he always replies: "I'm writing a novel."

"This always brings an embarrassed pause," he says. "There is literally nothing anyone can say to a man who states baldly that he is writing a novel but 'Oh' or 'How very nice for you.' It is a very impressive statement. I first discovered this six years ago and have been writing a novel ever since." We rather suspect he will produce one.

Gray, incidentally, is married to Araby Lockhart, the stage and radio actress. He says he likes being married to an actress—just don't go around calling him Mr. Lockhart, that's all.

Well, we were just congratulating ourselves on acquiring Jack



Outgoing Hutton: Less hair, a liking for hot sauces, a book of his own.

Gray when in walked Eric Hutton, our copy editor, and gently broke the news that he was leaving us. Hutton, we learned, had just been appointed editor-in-chief of our sister magazine, *Mayfair*. This is wonderful for Hutton, but terrible for us. Hutton is one of those men who can do just about anything around a magazine (which probably explains why he's going to be editor of *Mayfair*). His background is impressive: former associate editor of the *Star Weekly*, a former editor of *Magazine Digest*, a former editor of *National Home Monthly*. We are sorry to see him go, but wish him every success at his new job. ★

about every luxury in the line of food or drink was set out on table after table. Glasses in hand, and replenishment never far away, we wandered pleasantly through the palace. At a big table in a small room a slightly tipsy North Korean was toasting some Russians and Poles. They invited us heartily to join them.

The North Korean, one of the Russians and some of the Poles could speak English. The North Korean proposed a toast to peace and friendship. Then everybody else had to propose the same toast—and each time our hosts insisted that our glasses be drained. The party became a bit blurred. Charlie proposed a toast to "Poland's greatest musician, Chopin." The Poles refused to drink. Not for any political reason, they explained, but it was not their custom to toast dead people. The Korean called for a "progressive song." "We Canadians will sing our progressive songs," Charlie announced. We gave them the McGill song, the University of Toronto song, and ended with the Engineers' song: "We are, we are, we are the engineers, We can, we can, demolish forty beers. Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum and follow us. We don't give a damn for any damn man that don't give a damn for us!"

With this finale we departed with all the dignity we could muster.

After the students' conference, the Canadian delegates were invited to visit Cracow. John Hallward and I decided to go. Cracow turned out to be a city as different from Warsaw as it is possible to imagine. Warsaw, almost entirely destroyed during World War II, consists of buildings eight years old or less. Cracow has scarcely changed a stone in seven hundred years.

Jail for Americans?

We were taken to visit Wawel Castle, a many-towered pile atop a hill overlooking the Vistula River, which is Poland's great public museum. The guide droned on about collections of King so-and-so and paintings of this school and the other. I was listening none too intently. Then we entered a series of empty rooms. What the guide said then woke me with a start: "In these rooms at one time were kept many of Poland's greatest art treasures—tapestries of priceless value and paintings beyond price, armour of gold and precious stones, manuscripts and arms and *objets d'art* that were Poland's heritage. These treasures were sent to Canada for safe keeping, and have never been returned."

In Cracow we met our first United States delegates. It was not surprising, I suppose, since there were thirty thousand foreigners in Bucharest, in Warsaw a thousand, but in Cracow only fifty. And we all ate in the same dining room. There were five Americans. At first their manner seemed furtive, and they would give only their first names. Later when we got to know them better they told us that if their government found out they had traveled behind the Iron Curtain they might be sentenced to five years in jail. I doubted that, but it was their story. They were pleased with the arrangement which eliminated stamped visas from their passports.

One of the Americans, by name Teddy, dubbed John Hallward and myself "the doubting Johns" for our lack of enthusiasm over the Communist way of life. One day in the dining hall Teddy nudged me and pointed down the table. "See that North Korean student with the medal on his chest?" he asked. "During his vacation he flew for the North Korean air force. He's only nineteen, but he

shot down ten enemy planes. Then he went back to school." It was with considerable shock that I realized that "the enemy" Teddy referred to were his fellow Americans.

Throughout our stay in Poland Charlie, John and I continued our plan of interviewing individuals on conditions. Before we separated we compared notes. In all, in Rumania and Poland, we had been able to interview at some length almost exactly one hundred men and women. Of these, ninety spoke against their governments. Not all condemned every action and plan of their rulers—many approved principally to the lack of freedoms—freedom of speech, of movement, of the restrictions imposed on a man's running his own life and business in his own way. Many others were more concerned with the end products of Communism: shortage of food, of proper housing, of consumer goods. Most just didn't like living under totalitarianism.

The most incongruous incident of my six weeks was an encounter with a spy—at any rate, with a man who told me he was a spy. He was leaning against a tree outside our Bucharest residence one morning when I came out, a tall thin man with thick curly hair. He winked at me, so I walked up to him and asked abruptly: "Do you speak English?" He nodded.

"Are you an interpreter with the festival?" I asked. "Not exactly," he answered, "I am a spy."

I was, naturally, taken aback. The only answer I could think of was: "Oh, well, I've never met anyone who said he was a spy. Come to think of it, I've never met a spy."

We walked down the street and he explained the duties of a spy:

"On a tram a French delegate will ask a tired workman if things are good with him. The worker, forgetting where he is, will mutter, 'no, terrible.' One of my jobs is to interrupt such a conversation and make the workman apologize for giving misleading information. What am I to do? The poor devil speaks only the truth. The authorities expect me to report such incidents and who the people are. This I cannot do, so I must fabricate my reports to make the committee think I am working efficiently."

He paused and looked behind him. "Even I have to be careful. There may be people watching me."

He told me he knew he could trust me because I had been identified to his festival committee as a "reactionary." I asked him who had given that information. He said it was a member of the Canadian delegation. "But do not tell your people I told you this," he said. "Then they will tell the committee that I told you and I will be in trouble." I decided that the whole chain of "telling" was too complicated, and assured him that I would not give him away.

When the time came for our return to the West from Warsaw, our way lay through Czechoslovakia, the most prosperous looking of all the lands we had visited or passed through. At Cheb, near the West German border, the train was practically deserted. Only a handful of fortunate passengers who had the right to pass through the Iron Curtain stayed aboard.

But we had a long wait at the border. Czech soldiers went systematically through the empty cars. They prodded behind and under every seat with long, stiff pieces of sharpened wire. Only when they were sure that not a single poor devil had hidden his way into freedom did they let the train proceed. Slowly, slowly, the train crossed the frontier into the free world. ★

MAILBAG



Christianity—Changing, Changeless?

My compliments to Fred Bodsworth for his searching article, Christianity—Revival or Decline? (Dec. 15). In his reference to the "march of science" Bodsworth restates some old truths, concepts which were laid down by Herbert Spencer as far back as 1862, when he envisaged a possible reconciliation between religion and science. I quote in part from his First Principles:

In the devoutest faith as we commonly see it, there lies a core of scepticism; and it is this scepticism which causes that dread of inquiry shown by Religion when face to face with Science. Obligated to abandon one by one the superstitions it once tenaciously held, and daily finding other cherished beliefs more and more shaken, Religion secretly fears that all things may some day be explained; and thus itself betrays a lurking doubt whether that Incomprehensible Cause of which it is conscious, is really incomprehensible.

Macleans is to be congratulated for printing this frank article. It is the sort of thing that makes Maclean's one of the continent's top-notch magazines. —Harrison McElwaine, Brown's Flats, N.B.

● When Bodsworth states that "geologists . . . set the age of the earth at two billion years, a far cry from the Bible's six thousand," he is guilty of jumping to conclusions. The creation described in the Bible is not the original creation of the earth, but a re-creation. Between the first and second verses of Genesis 1, there stands a gap in time of unknown length which would allow for the two billion year estimate of the geologists. —H. L. Reeds, Lindsay, Ont.

● . . . Fred Bodsworth has rendered a considerable service both to the Christian churches in Canada and to our nation. I am confident the article will be both read and studied with interest and profit by many ministers of the United Church . . . —J. R. Mutchmor, MA, DD, secretary, Board of Evangelism and Social Service, United Church of Canada, Toronto.

● Bodsworth's opening paragraph seems to keynote an anti-Christian bias. For no Christian, even in name, would ever refer to Jesus Christ, Our Lord . . . as merely "a Jewish mystic and reformer" and so give automatic offense to all who believe in His Name. The whole article is purposeless, and possibly may be disturbing to some of little faith, and it must give satisfaction to the Communist, evil men, and unbelievers in Christ . . . Your mealy-mouthed editorial does not excuse or clarify your action and I feel confident that it will lose you many friends . . . —A. J. Reynolds, Toronto.

● . . . The true nature of religion is not, as yet, anyway, explainable or provable by any known means. —Mrs. Grace Ayerst, Montreal.

March of Dimes

I wish to call your attention to certain references to the Canadian March of Dimes made by Sidney Katz in his article, The Unholy Mess

of Our Charity Appeals (Nov. 15).

Katz states, "In one case, that of the ill-fated Canadian March of Dimes, it was revealed that of three hundred and sixty thousand dollars collected in a campaign two hundred thousand dollars went for campaign expenses, administration and overhead." Actually in our 1953 campaigns by our provincial chapters across Canada the collections were \$433,692.79 and campaign expenses were \$38,374.20 which was less than nine percent of the amounts collected.

I would appreciate your publishing this letter in fairness to our organization and in the interest of keeping your readers accurately informed. —Alex C. Solomon, national executive secretary, Canadian March of Dimes, Montreal.

In writing his article Katz was careful to distinguish between the March of Dimes fiasco of 1950-52 and the infinitely better record since the fund's reorganization. Careless cutting by his fellow editors did an injustice both to Katz and to the March of Dimes.

A Gift for the Classroom

. . . This afternoon in my classroom at school I read A Gift for the Princess (Dec. 15) to the children. I wish you could have been peeping through the keyhole. It was delightful to see the



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shining eyes and open mouths of the children as they listened to another Mary Grannan story—teacher enjoyed it too. Hope the grown-ups learn from Little Crumb that they don't have to spend a bag of golden coins to please a child. —Dorothy Loth, Barrie.

The Alien

Have just finished W. O. Mitchell's The Alien (Sept. 15-Jan. 15). It was excellent! However, in printing the paragraph "two Mounties going to work with fists and boots on the boy for two hours, to leave him bruised and bleeding and unconscious," you insult the intelligence of Canadians . . . who respect and are proud of the character of their police forces. Most other countries cannot boast of such . . . —Madge Grayson, Winnipeg.

● My sincere wishes that you will print more good serial stories like this one in the future. —H. J. Schuring, Victoria.

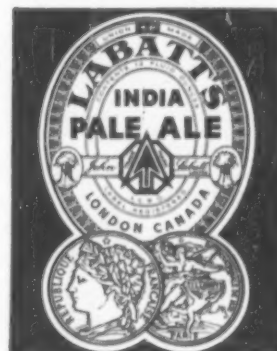
● In the course of this story I presume The Alien is going to do good work among the Indians, and I do trust he will not be teaching them the language Mitchell is making him use. —Robert W. Goodrich, Weyburn, Sask. ★

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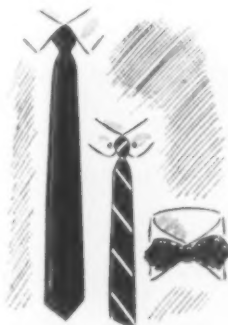
***The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's**



Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

YOUR TIE TELLS THE STORY



In clothes, a tie is a pretty good gauge of a man, at least in the matter of taste. Loud patterns versus small neat ones; bold colours instead of subdued; checks and geometrics, or bars and florals; they all indicate preferences because a tie is man's sole colour outlet. But generalization is always dangerous. A fond aunt, a doting mother or a dutiful wife might have been trying to change the man's character by choosing an entirely different type of tie than the one that he normally wears and our theory is upset.

For those men who choose their own ties there are some fine points to consider. For example, if you are long-faced and slight, don't tie your tie with a long knot. If you have a round face and short neck, don't choose the thick, short windsor knot. If you are of average proportions, then perhaps a bow tie will look good on you. You can be sure whether or not a bow tie suits by wearing one for a few days. If your wife or the chaps at the office laugh, then it is not for you and go back to the four-in-hands.

Tie widths vary according to style. Narrow ones are not a ruse on the part of the maker to save goods. A narrow tie is narrow for a purpose . . . the easy knotting of windsor knots. Bow ties are correct for business or sportswear depending on the pattern and colour. Knitted ones are good, too, and are gradually becoming more popular.

Whatever type you choose, remember that your tie is your one spot of colour. Go ahead and get a bright one and forget that you may be deluding your friends about your character.

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IN VANCOUVER police rushed to the scene when a report came in that a man had broken into a car and was trying to steal it. The car was in a lane: a cruiser closed off one end, another the other. They waited. Nothing happened. The police moved in fearlessly and found the thief fumbling with the controls of the car.

"What are you doing in that car?" they demanded.

"I'm takin' this car to go home in but I can't seem to get it started," he muttered.

One of the policemen decided to check on the car before they hauled the drunk away. He lifted the hood, and was greeted with a fine view of the ground. The car had no engine.

A woman in Saskatoon had a new gas furnace installed but when she turned the thermostat up nothing happened. She went down to the basement, snapped on the light, and found the furnace blasting away. Puzzled, she went back upstairs but the deep freeze continued. Eventually she called in the gas company. They discovered that the fitter had connected the furnace to the nearby basement light switch rather than to the thermostat. Every time she turned on the basement light to go down and have a look at the furnace it clicked on, and when she economically shut the light off the furnace went off.

When a fire broke out on HMCS Ontario at Esquimalt, B.C., local firemen answered the alarm. As a fireman rushed up one of the gangplanks he was stopped by a naval officer. "Excuse me," he said, "but would you mind using the other



gangplank? This one is for officers only." The startled fireman backed down, then raced up the other gangplank. The small fire (in a broom locker) was extinguished without incident.

A Quebec woman, filling out an accident report after denting the fender of a car while trying to park her own, blithely answered the question, "What could the operator of the other vehicle have done to avoid the accident?" Her reply was: "He could have parked elsewhere."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A grocer in a northern Alberta town posted an eye-catching notice in his store headed, NEWS OF DELINQUENT DEBTORS. This was followed by a list of names, each carefully put into proper place under such appropriate headings as "\$25 to \$50," or "\$75 to \$100." In case anyone felt left out he added: TO BE CONTINUED. BE SURE TO WATCH FOR NEXT WEEK'S THRILLING EPISODE!

A Toronto man complained to police that although he had not been hurt when his car crashed into a pole



two solicitous spectators insisted on applying first aid, pulled him out of the vehicle and twisted his arm to make him lie down on the cold pavement to receive their "treatment."

An alert traffic cop and a woman were observed moving toward a double - parked automobile in Victoria. The officer arrived just as the breathless woman triumphantly jumped into the car and grabbed the steering wheel. In her confusion however she had opened the wrong door and the constable found her in the steering position while leaning over from the back seat. He gallantly allowed her to climb into the front seat and drive off with a warning.

A long distance telephone operator in Toronto was handling a call from California. As sometimes happens, the California operator was not sure she had a completed circuit and asked, "Would you identify yourself, please." The Toronto girl, who had been on the job only a short time, replied: "Oh, you wouldn't know me—I'm new here. I only arrived from Scotland a few weeks ago."

A fussy thief who stole two prize bronze begonias out of a Vancouver garden returned the following night and exchanged them for two equally choice red ones.

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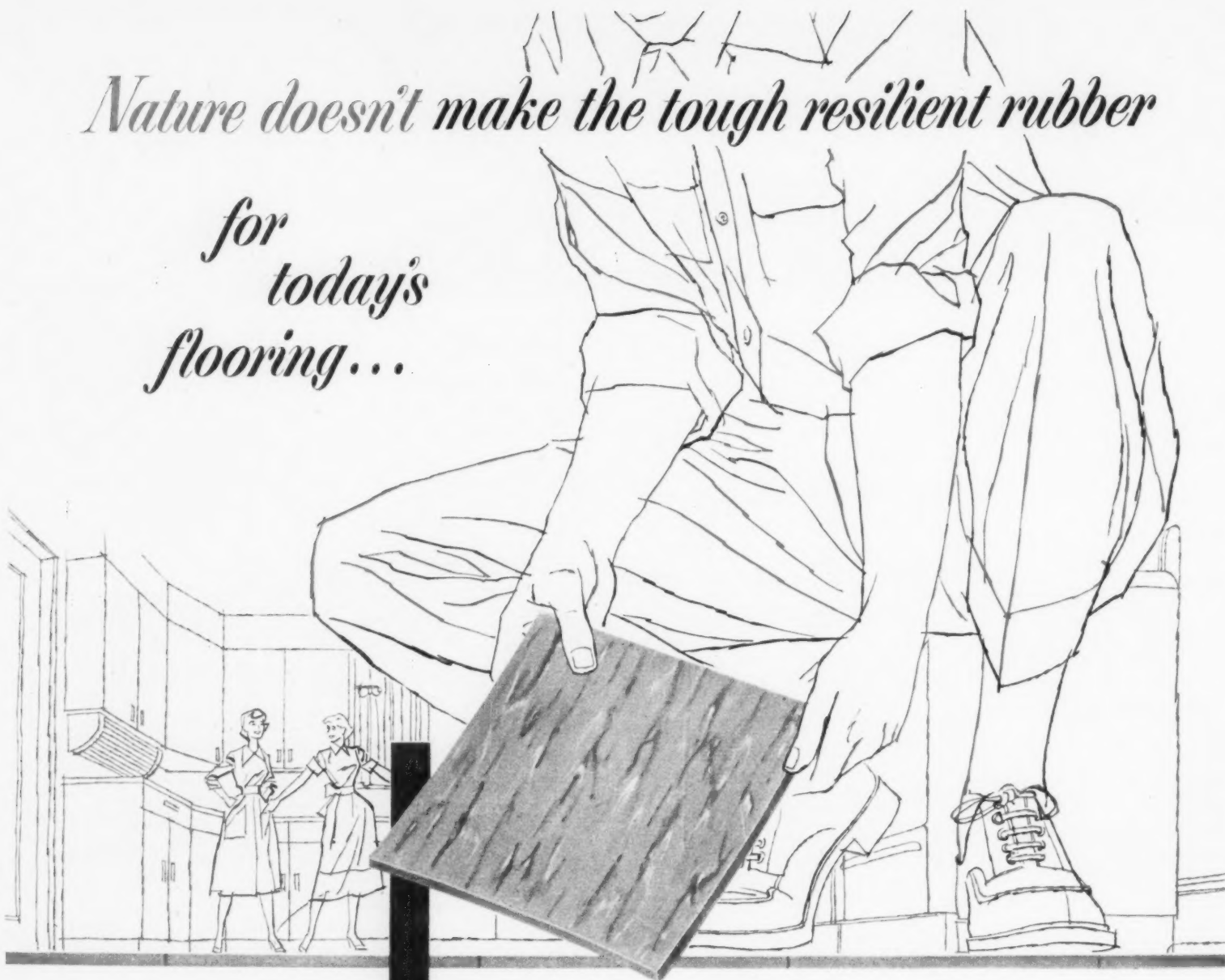
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